

ONE DOLLAR AADC

CAD

the complete magazine for men • Volume 2, Number 4

- ★ MAKING OUT
IN A SINGLES BAR
- ★ MOVIE—SOCK IT
TO ME WITH FLESH



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New Neighbors for '69

SOCK IT TO ME WITH FLESH!

Out in California, people tend to move a lot—mostly because they can't pay the rent at the last place—but sometimes just to meet new and exciting people to play with. ■ Gracie (left) is the manager's wife at our latest apartment house. Her job is to greet prospective tenants with a friendly grin (note Gracie's friendly grin), and to show off the best features of the house (note one of Gracie's best features hanging under her right arm).



Here's Painful Pierre (with whip) along with his friends, Apts 1, 17, and 3.

The gang at the new house never has a dull moment.





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These candid shots (left) are from Ken and Barbie's apartment. That's Barbie clutching Ken's buttocks to her right ear. The broad who looks like she's always gasping for air lives down the hall. Above, Painful Pierre and his bevy are still at it.

Ken and Barbie's best friend from down the hall—her name is Patsy—is very proud of the fact that her hand is smaller than her breast. As shown here, Patsy is sharing this treasure with her two friends. Ken seems to be much more interested than Barbie, maybe because Barbie's got a couple of assets to be proud of, too, a fact seemingly ignored by everyone.



Katherine and Bonita have done their digs completely in mortuary modern, heavy on satin.

"One problem with living in California," Bonita complains, "is the constant arrival of guests who say they're only going to be around for a day or two and end up staying weeks, or even months." ■ Here (right), Bonita's cousin Rolf asks the girls where they'd like him to bunk down. He's in town for a few sessions. ■ "Rolf is very welcome," Bonita explained, "since as Mexico's leading jockey he is very rich and can help with the rent." ■ Katherine and Bonita have lived in the same apartment for almost four years. They attribute their consistency to the fact that they have a lot of trouble finding people to help them move. "Something about our furniture turns people off," Katherine says climactically.





Unfortunately, by the time these shots hit the presses, Bonita and Katherine, Rolf, Ken and Barbie, and Patsy, Gracie, Painful Pierre plus Apartments 1, 17 and 3 will all have gone on to new, and we hope better, things.

Painful Pierre left his job as camp counsellor for the Campfire Girls to open a tonguing service in White Plains, New York. Ken and Barbie are now the proud parents of a bouncing baby girl, who has replaced Patsy in their affections. Rolf moved in with his favorite horse; Bonita and Katherine suffocated when the lid locked shut.

In general, then, life pursues its winding way, and those who once meant so much pass on to fair memories.

But there are always new apartments and new weirdos to meet and cultivate.

Keep in touch!



"You might as well fall flat on your face as lean over too far backward." *James Thurber*



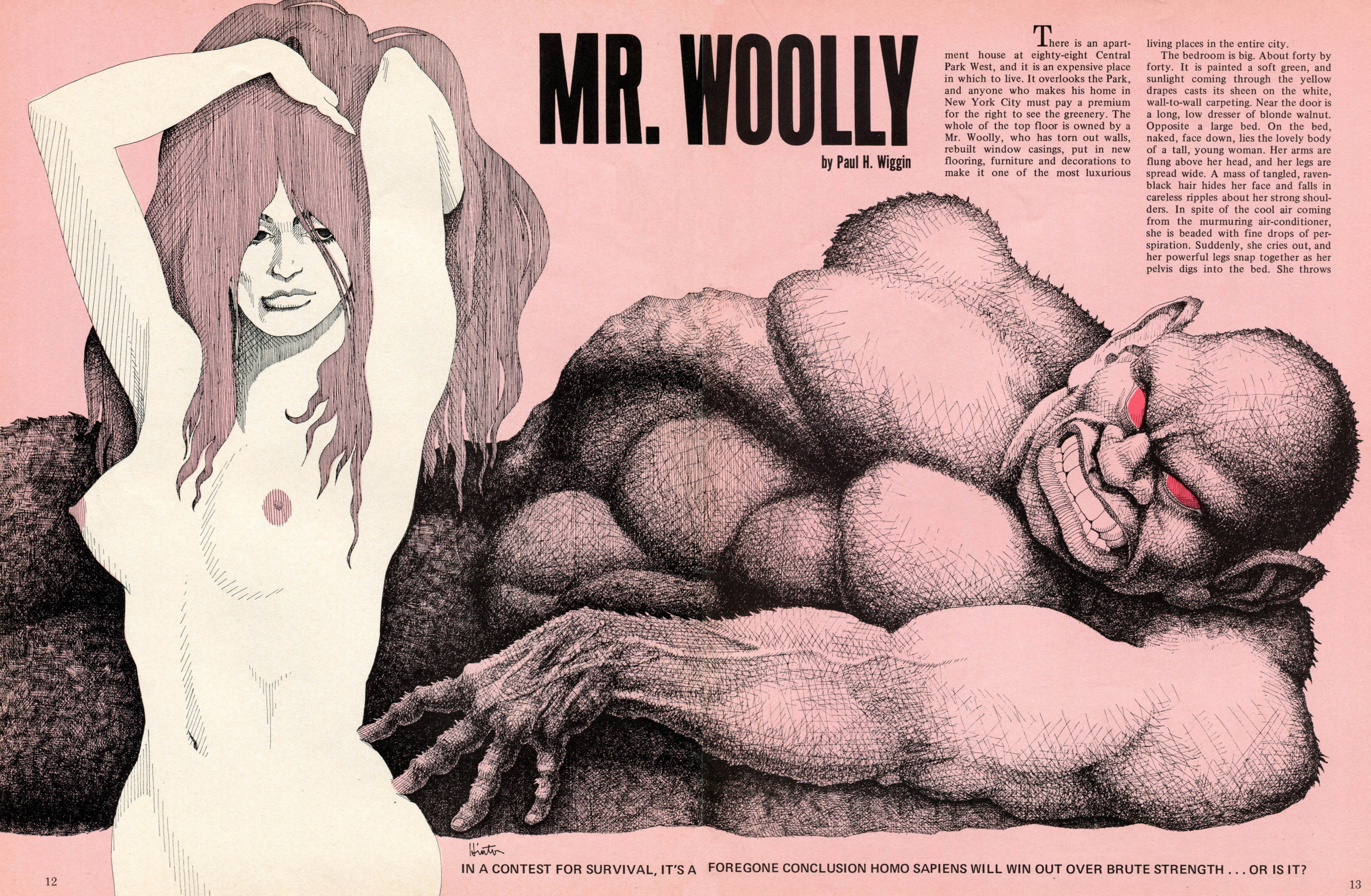
MR. WOOLLY

by Paul H. Wiggin

There is an apartment house at eighty-eight Central Park West, and it is an expensive place in which to live. It overlooks the Park, and anyone who makes his home in New York City must pay a premium for the right to see the greenery. The whole of the top floor is owned by a Mr. Woolly, who has torn out walls, rebuilt window casings, put in new flooring, furniture and decorations to make it one of the most luxurious

living places in the entire city.

The bedroom is big. About forty by forty. It is painted a soft green, and sunlight coming through the yellow drapes casts its sheen on the white, wall-to-wall carpeting. Near the door is a long, low dresser of blonde walnut. Opposite a large bed. On the bed, naked, face down, lies the lovely body of a tall, young woman. Her arms are flung above her head, and her legs are spread wide. A mass of tangled, raven-black hair hides her face and falls in careless ripples about her strong shoulders. In spite of the cool air coming from the murmuring air-conditioner, she is beaded with fine drops of perspiration. Suddenly, she cries out, and her powerful legs snap together as her pelvis digs into the bed. She throws



IN A CONTEST FOR SURVIVAL, IT'S A FOREGONE CONCLUSION HOMO SAPIENS WILL WIN OUT OVER BRUTE STRENGTH . . . OR IS IT?

herself on her back and both hands squeeze her large breasts as the nipples come erect, each as big as a man's thumb. Despite this performance, she is not awake, and her face, in this instant of passion, is very beautiful. Framed by the dark hair, it is startlingly white, and the color is accentuated by a red, full-lipped mouth. Her nose is long and straight, her eyebrows arch high. Her eyes open, lids flickering as she gazes blankly at the ceiling. Then her face crinkles, and her mouth broadens into a grin. The blue eyes sparkle as one hand moves over her white belly to the bush between her legs. Her fingers dip into the soft flesh, and her thighs tighten. She is breathing hard, and soon her entire body is wet. After several adjustments with her hand she cries again, her body convulses spasmodically, her eyes roll back, and her eyelids close over them as if to curtain her sorrow that the joy is ended. For minutes she lies like one dead; only the gentle motion of her breasts and belly indicates she breathes. The hand at her loins relaxes and falls away to her side, and her lips part in a drowsy smile. She laughs softly.

In one fluid motion Riri Trivoulides stands, a giantess of over six feet four, but so well proportioned she does not seem that tall. Loping across the room, she leans on her dresser to make faces at herself in the mirror. She pushes the hair from her face and sticks out her tongue. There is nothing dainty about her when she squats on the toilet to make the water below hiss and bubble.

Her progress down the hall to Mr. Woolly's room is purposeful, the cheeks of her great buttocks knotting as the powerful muscles drive her forward. Her breasts bob gently, her arms swing in long strokes, indicative of youth, naivete perhaps, and a sense of freedom. At his door, however, she does not act immediately. No. Not quite yet. She must steel herself and catch her breath. She may not be frightened, but she finds herself thinking that the next half-hour will be a slice of time over which she will have no control.

When she opens the door, she is in a totally black room in which the only sound is a low volcanic rumbling coming from the left side of the room. Riri smiles and feels her nipples harden, her loins and perineum contract. In her brain mentation is absent, replaced by a creeping warmth which spreads from her belly over the rest of her body in rhythmic waves. With unerring accuracy she goes to the drapery, and instantly sunlight streams into the room. Riri approaches the bed noiselessly, her foot-steps lost in the deep piling of the black carpeting. She leans forward, running the tip of a pink

tongue over her lips. "Mr. Woolly!" she calls softly, sharply. The rumblings cease. Silence. Suddenly, without preliminary stirrings, two, huge, hairy arms shoot out from under the bedclothes. A hand buries itself in her crotch as the other encircles her thigh like a giant spider. Effortlessly, she is lifted, tossed, whirled and catapulted through the air to be lost a moment later under the bedding of the twelve-by-twelve bed. Much motion under the blankets, but little noise yet. Then begins a series of sounds reminiscent of feeding time at the zoo. Crunchings, munchings, grunts, lip-smackings, and other noises of unutterable pleasure punctuated by a shriek of fright. The bed dances as if it is trying to spring

of Satanic fury. His head is big, thrust down between his shoulders, pushing his chin upon his chest. The lower jaw thrusts forward, and his heavy brow-ridges are jutting cliffs. His nose is broad, and the bores of his nostrils flare like the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun. His brow slants sharply back, and his fuzzy ears cling tightly to his skull.

He sits there, growling and grumbling to himself, then yawns prodigiously, displaying a cavity filled with huge, white teeth. The orange flames die, and his eyes become black, enigmatic. He stands, towering, despite his stooped posture, to a height of over eight feet. His hands hang from gorilla arms just below his knees. Above, his



from the floor. Abruptly, everything explodes skyward, and Riri emerges on the run, both legs pumping. In a trice she is across the room and out the door, a few drops of blood oozing from a crescent of toothmarks on her left buttock.

The bedclothes are kicked to the floor, and the body of Mr. Woolly is in the open. A spectacular sight. He's both naked and clothed. From neck to ankles he's covered with short hair or fur. His face, however, is the prize. Its savagery and primitiveness is emphasized by two coal-black eyes behind which flicker orange flames. Presently, these are signs of passion, but when Mr. Woolly is angered the orange turns a horrid red and the eyes become pits

barrel chest bulges like an inflated balloon jib. He shuffles across the room to his dresser and punches an intercom. "Riri," he rumbles.

"Yes, Mr. Woolly?" Her voice is soft and lilting.

"I'll be showered and dressed in a half-hour or less. I want steak, toast and a pot of coffee."

"Yes, Sir."

"And, Riri."

"Sir?"

"Why did you run?"

"You bit me in the ass, Sir."

"We'll do without the vulgarity."

"Yes, Sir. Will that be all, Sir?"

"That will be all."

In twenty minutes he emerges and begins to dress slowly and carefully in

a dark blue, silk suit, white button-down silk shirt, and a light blue silk tie. In his breast pocket he tucks a white silk handkerchief folded in a square. He gazes at himself in the mirror, blinks, and frowns, if a frown can be identified in that face. Off he shuffles to the dining room.

Riri, naked as ordered, arrives with a big T-bone steak, pot of coffee, and about a loaf of buttered toast. Mr. Woolly raises his head to stare thoughtfully at her. "Come closer, child." When she's beside him, he places a careless paw on the cheek of one buttock and squeezes. She shrieks and jumps. "You say you ran off because I bit you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Don't make the same mistake again."

"Yes, Sir."

"Remember where I found you?"

"Mecca, Sir."

"Then you know to whom you belong." His fingers tighten, and she winces.

"Yes, Sir."

"Just so. Do you find your present position agreeable, Riri?"

Her eyes narrow. "Yes, Sir."

"Good. I don't believe you, but it's wise you say so."

This conversation does not prevent him from consuming the steak in a few mouthfuls, and he is almost finished. He tosses down six cups of coffee, dabs at his mouth with a napkin and pushes away from the table. He takes her chin in one hand, lifting her head to probe her eyes. "I like you, Riri. I want you to stay. But never run again, even if I begin to eat you alive. That's a possibility. You might call it an occupational hazard here. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. Now then, young lady. I'm going downtown to amuse myself watching the fools fooling each other. I should be back in one or two hours. When I return, I want my country clothes packed. I'm off to Long Island to see what the Great Brain has to say."

Riri pouts. "What do I do for the next two days?" she asks mournfully.

"The place is yours. Do as you wish."

"Boys?"

"Of course."

"All I want?"

"Hungry, Riri?"

She licks her lips, and her eyes brighten. "Very, Sir!"

He touches her right breast lightly, fingering the nipple. "You're a fine, healthy girl, Riri. But don't take any under eight. If they're too young, their mothers sometimes wonder where they are, and we don't want to call too much attention to ourselves. Am I

right?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Of course I am. And don't chew them up. I mean don't mark them."

"Certainly not, Sir."

On a bench on the sidewalk of Central Park South sits a little man who would not be noticed in a crowd. He is opposite the St. Moritz Hotel, and he makes fast, deft sketches of the people as they pass. He's very nervous and peers over his shoulder from time to time, as if he expects something dreadful to tap him on the shoulder. This wisp is John Lang, professor of anthropology at Hunter College. His drawings are accurate, and it is evident he is concentrating on the heads of the passers-by.

As he sketches, he freezes. No, he tells himself. It's not possible. He has spotted the figure of Mr. Woolly on the other side of the street, making his way toward Fifth Avenue. Lang grabs his glasses, polishes them hurriedly and replaces them to peer and peer again. "Fantastic," he mutters out loud. "Utterly fantastic! It's cranial capacity can't exceed a thousand cubic centimeters. Foramen magnum displaced well to the rear. But it walks and it dresses as if it thinks it's human."

Lang is on his feet and about to cross the street when he stops dead in his tracks. The thing has stopped too and is staring intently at him. Hastily, Lang pretends to go about his business but is so unnerved he drops his pad and pencil and has to get down on all fours to retrieve them. When he looks around slyly, the thing is a hundred yards down the block. Lang scans the traffic and scurries across the street to follow at a safe distance.

At Fifth Avenue, Mr. Woolly makes a right turn, crosses the street in front of the Plaza, skirts the nude in the fountain with a brief glance of appreciation and proceeds on his way downtown. Lang runs to keep up and is soon close behind. Mr. Woolly's attention rivets on something. Lang looks too and sees a tiny, silver-haired, old lady, making her way slowly and painfully along the walk, trying awkwardly to use her crutch in order to avoid others. She smiles brightly and courageously into each passing face as if to deprecate the importance of her long struggle through life. Some see and smile back guiltily, but most ignore her. It's not a happy sight. She is very old.

The next moment, Mr. Woolly is beside her, and, with a deft sideways kick, sends the crutch spinning into the street. The dear old thing, astonishment in every line of her wrinkled face, executes one or two solo steps,

then, emitting a cry like a squeek-squawk, nosedives to the cement to scrape a number of inches of parchment skin from her brow, nose, and chin. Without a glance Mr. Woolly shuffles along unhurriedly. Lang is so entranced he hops over the old lady's body without thinking, fearful he might lose sight of Mr. Woolly in the crowd. An odd folkway, he thinks. I'd guess this is *Meganthropus Africanus*, but I can't be sure until I make some measurements.

Lang follows the other to Forty-Second Street. There Mr. Woolly makes another right turn and starts in the direction of Sixth Avenue. He crosses Sixth Avenue and is on his way to Seventh when he stops and regards Professor Lang with gun-bore eyes. Lang looks into these pits of horror and is momentarily in stasis. When he sees an opening in the face of the other which might be a smile, he tries to smile in turn but finds his face is frozen. The thing's smile is a straight line of large teeth without upward curvature. It's hand comes up to beckon with a hairy index finger. Despite his fright, curiosity prompts Lang to move closer. Mr. Woolly says, "You're following me."

"No," stammers Lang, then thinks how foolish he sounds. "I mean yes. I've never seen anything, that is, I've never seen anyone quite like you before." His expression is a mixed one of fright and embarrassment.

"Just so," rumbles Mr. Woolly. "However, as events materialize in the future, you are likely to see many more of my kind. Have you been following me because I'm an unusual object, or do you have other reasons?"

"Just curiosity."

Mr. Woolly steps forward and takes the other's arm, indicating a nearby sidewalk cafe. "I suggest, my friend, we step in there and talk this over."

"But I don't drink," says Lang, wishing he was in Siberia.

"It's not necessary you drink. But your behavior intrigues me. I want a more detailed explanation."

Lang glances about him beseechingly, praying someone will notice his predicament. No one does. New Yorkers are notoriously sophisticated. That a giant ape or Neanderthal is standing on the corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-Second Street is a matter of supreme indifference to most. Such is the nature of sophistication.

"Very well," says Lang. "I'll do my best."

When they're seated, a waiter comes to the table.

"Beer," says Mr. Woolly. "A large pitcher."

The waiter, with scarcely a glance at the giant, takes the order and whiz-

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE IN
TO MAKE OUT...JUST PAY
FOR YOUR DRINK, BABY!

Have you ever thought of what you'd do if you were confronted six nights a week with about 150 young gals and men who are all intent on getting the same thing, but damned few of whom have the guts to utter the magic words? After a while you want them to get on with it; you want to suggest that Harry P. go up to Janice F. and say, "Hey, Janice, you want to get laid?"

But that's too simple in our day and age. Everything has to be done according to formula and, therefore,

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SINGLES BAR

by T. dell'Arte



Yanked from his job of busting rock in the quarry of the Colton, California, cement plant by an unexpected inheritance, Peter Evans goes ape. He buys an expensive house in Beverly Hills, takes up with an expensive debutante, Stephanie Oxford, and smarts off some wild ideas to her father, Mark, about how to advertise trampolines. With the help of Torchy, girl friday in Glockle's TV station, he prepares an ad for the show biz papers requesting girls to show at his house for a photo session. Peter has also acquired a hillbilly maid who swears horribly . . . a bed that vibrates obscenely to the drumming strains of Ravel's "Bolero" . . . and, because of not making out recently, a habit of lustful daydreaming.

Shortly after nine my attention was drawn to some sort of commotion outside in my drive. I looked cautiously out of the front door at a scene of automotive confusion. Cars of every age, body style, and nationality were jockeying for parking places. Taxis were arriving, fighting to make headway, and disgorging stunningly beautiful girls. There were blonde ones, brunettes, spun taffy heads, raven-haired cuties, and Gawd! they all were dressed for action. Some wore what are called, I believe, body stockings . . . which amounts to just about what it sounds like; a thin, tight nylon sheath over bareness. Cut high enough in the legs to show hip bones. And they all jiggled alarmingly. Others wore minis and boots, and one fetching brunette with shoulder-length hair wore what looked like a Nehru jacket that barely reached her sprocket. A band of white panties peeped through beneath it.

Some were in bikinis. Some in playsuits. Four or five wore slacks, but since they all carried huge bags, I doubted if the slacks kids would remain in them long.

And I hadn't even deemed it advisable to read my *Playboy*!

A leggy little cutie with short blonde hair, wearing too-tight, too-short white shorts, caught sight of me. "There he is," she trilled and began running in my direction. In seconds the pack was after her, some passing her.

I slammed the door. Bolted it. "Marvey Lou," I screamed. "Lock the back and side doors! Fast! Help me. Get your wet mop, and the one you used on old man Lassiter!"

We scurried about for the next few score seconds. "Them there the kids who gonna go up and down on the mattress for that advertisement? Randy lookin' bunch. But don't you worry none, Mr. Peter. I won't let 'em at you, save one at a time."

"Marvey Lou!"

She frowned in puzzlement. "Two at a time? Seems a nice lookin' hunk like you would like to play a little all-smocks-up 'round here. I'm really kinda broadminded, ya'l know."

The phone rang, and as I went for it, the front door chimed.

THERE'S MORE TO SWINGING THAN JUST BOUNCING UP AND DOWN...



"Don't let any of those %\$@* girls in unless he's a man. "Why, Mr. Peter!" She regarded me proudly, as a teacher would an outstanding pupil.

"And furthermore, &(!" I yelled as I picked up the phone.

Stephanie said, "What was that?"

I repeated it for her, reflecting silently that my decency was getting all shot to *%\$&().

"What in hell is going on down there?" Her voice dripped frozen venom.

But I was a bit sick of being henpecked. "I'm auditioning girls for my TV station."

"You're what?"

"Your father and I are buying an old landing craft. We're going to anchor it out beyond the three-mile limit, equip it to televise, and show stag movies and live striptease. And worse, even."

Long silence. "I don't believe it. Daddy would have bragged to me about something as marvelously rotten as that." But her voice had lost much of its cold sting.

"S'truth!" I exclaimed. "We've already got sponsors lined up. A mattress company, a latex corporation, a pill manufacturer, and the entire Bide-A-Wee Motel chain. We will transmit on channel three and a half, and blanket the entire Pacific Coast from San Diego to Oregon with glorious smut. We'll have the highest rating of any station in the world."

Long pause. "I just don't believe you," she whispered. Weakly.

Triumph! "Ta ta," I told her and hung up. I turned around to see a good-looking guy of about my own age regarding me. He wore a quizzical smile. "Mr. Evans?" I agreed. "I'm Lon Watson, photographer." He had a tanned face, salt and pepper hair, and wasn't dressed like a hippie. His tweed shoulders were festooned with leather straps from which depended all manner of expensive camera equipment. "Uh . . . would you tell your . . . bodyguard? to let my wife in? She works with me."

Marvey Lou stood foresquare by my entrance, dripping mop held at bayonet ready.

"Let his wife in," I said.

"Her name's Audry," said Lon Watson.

Marvey Lou cracked the door a bit. "Audry?" she belated, and a fine-looking lady, obviously an ex-model, slipped in. The door slammed, clicked tightly shut behind her.

"Man," exclaimed the newcomer, "I hope you've got a direct wire to the National Guard. There must be half a hundred girls out there . . . and it's not even ten yet."

"Uh," I said timidly, "you expect more?"

The woman and her husband laughed. He said, "Last time there was an open call for models in the trades close to a thousand showed. Some poor guy just wanted a girl to wear a mermaid's tail and sit on a rock in his big pool for a social bash." He turned to Audry. "Mr. Evans here . . . I couldn't help overhearing . . . is opening up a new TV station."

"Maybe," I put in hurriedly, keeping my eyes from his wife's most classy chassis. I couldn't quite figure out if she wore a . . . But Mr. W. looked most fit and muscular indeed, for all his salt and pepper hair, so I swung on Marvey Lou. "Woman," I bawled, "phone a caterer and have a truck up here by noon with sandwiches and coffee for . . . uh . . .?" I paused helplessly, looked to the photographer.

"A hundred, wouldn't you say, honey?" he asked his wife.

"About," said Audry.

"A hundred twitches worth, Marvey Lou."

"Gotcha, Boss," she said and swung off to the kitchen.

I made three drinks and explained in more detail just what we'd be shooting, explaining that I wanted both the girl and the trampoline in the shot.

The costumer's man arrived and was carefully admitted. He brought with him two armloads of sweet and naughty, gossamer, wispy semicoverings that women wear . . . just to inflame men, I guess. I signed his receipt and he left saying, "Eat what you can, and what you can't eat, can." Laughing hugely at his crudity, he breasted his way happily down through the swarm of breasts and stuff to his truck. I eyed the delicious, horrible mob through a crack in the drapes. "Are they dangerous?" I asked Audry.

"They can be pretty wild," she admitted, "but Lon's got a trick that usually calms them. He threatens any girl who gets out of line that he'll use a fat lens on her."

"And it works?"

"Sure. Except on really skinny girls. And I didn't see any out there. But, I'll tell you what: you're a bachelor, huh?"

I admitted to this condition.

"And you own this place, right?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, if you don't want to stay inside here all day, you'd better be something else."

"I don't quite follow you, Mrs. Watson."

She frowned at my stupidity. "You're a married man, first of all."

"With five kids," grinned her husband, and set about assembling his camera gear.

"And I'm paying alimony to an ex!"

"Right," she said happily. "What's your profession?"

"Actually . . ." I hemmed. "Actually, I'm sort of in stocks and bonds and things."

She shook her head. "Terrible. Half of them would still have at you. No, you've got to be something loathsome and ill-paid."

"What about I'm an advertising copywriter? I'm doing the copy for this ad!" And baby, I told myself, that's sinking real low! "And the real owner of this pad is out of town. Right?"

"Splendid. I'll spread the word." She trotted off after her husband.

I watched through the patio blinds as the girls began assembling around the pool. Lon and his wife shouted them into some sort of order, and as Audry handed out what I guessed were model releases, he set up a tall stepladder and a short tripod near the trampoline, so that the verdant hills and flawless sky would become the background to his shots.

Vague flicks of light caught my eye. It took me but a few moments to figure them out. The homes on the hills around my dwelling scintillated with the reflected sparklings of sunlight on binocular lenses. Stephanie wasn't the only voyeur in my neighborhood. All that fine, semiclad stuff outside was bringing jollies to my entire area. Telephoto pictures were probably being taken. So before emerging onto the scene (as a humble, poverty-wracked copywriter . . . but handsome, withal) I nipped into the bath and saw to my hair . . . even splashing on a dot of *Attack!* (seven-fifty per small flagon).

I examined my face carefully in the mirror. Not at all bad looking, I thought to myself, a strong chin and a good smile. I wondered how many of that writhing crowd of female flesh I could take on in an afternoon romp on my unused tennis-court-sized bed. Seven, I thought, would indeed be a lucky number. "Seven," I repeated to myself aloud as I gazed deep into my own eyes under the pink

fluorescent light reflecting in the three-paneled bathroom mirror.

She had my head between her legs, my shoulders pinned to the bed with her bare knees. I looked up and could see nothing but red hair. Red pubic hair against my chin, long red hair hanging down over the delicate curve of her long white body, rising like a tower over me. I found myself unable to move. Each leg was being held in place by a warm soft naked body. Someone was running a hot tongue over my toes and down to my instep where I could feel what clearly was a fine set of teeth nibbling gently at my foot. I tried to move, but it was no use. The whole of my body was covered and pinned to the bed by a mass of arms, legs, breasts, stomachs.

There were mouths everywhere. A tongue moved across my belly as a pair of hot lips closed around my member. I stiffened with pleasure at the tongue that carefully circled its enormous circumference. The redhead rising over me began to post up and down and forward as if she were going at a slow trot on a big horse. She buried my face in her bush, almost suffocating me. My tongue shot out in self-defense and found her dark juicy hole, and her movements became wilder, allowing me to breathe.

A pair of tongues, one running up each thigh, sent a shudder through my body. Teamwork. My passions were building to the point where my brain seemed to dissolve along with all the rest of me into this amorphous pool of flesh that covered my bed. My redhead suddenly stiffened her body, shied, moaned, and fell across the pillows to my left, freeing my head and leaving this rich taste of her juices in my mouth.

For a moment I could see the scene around me. Piles of beautiful bare flesh . . . seven naked women were devouring me, groaning, laughing, kicking, thrashing about like fish on a beach. One blonde with waist-length, tangled ash hair was working on my toes and down the length of my foot. Another perched across my thigh, holding my member like a flower between her two hands and kissing it. A shock of black hair hid the face of the tanned, long-legged beauty whose lips sucked at my right nipple, her long nails clawed gently at my rib cage, and a deep purr issued from her throat. Her huge breasts heaved as she breathed heavily. I freed my hand and my fingers found their way up behind her and into the hot moist crack of her womanliness. An exclamation of pleasure left her lips as she raised her head and moved her face close to mine. Her lips curled back in a smile of pleasure. Her dark eyes glittered as she moved closer and pressed her wet mouth against mine, as I spread my hand and entered both her orifices at once. My tongue darted in between her teeth and tasted the moistness and sweetness of her mouth. Her long dark hair buried my head in its soft profusion.

But three other beauties were waiting their chance to have at me. With a sudden surge of strength I sat up, throwing the dark-haired tigress to the floor. With a deep animal roar I grabbed a long-haired blonde who was standing now beside the bed watching the action, hurled her down across the pillows and leaped upon her. Her legs wrapped themselves tightly around my waist and grasped me to her. I buried my rod in her with one sure thrust. The redhead, now recovered, leaped up on my back and joined the rhythm of our quickening, thrusting movement. One of her arms was wrapped around my neck, her other hand sought my anus and balls, and plied them both feverishly.

The other girls screamed and squealed with delight as

each in turn tossed herself upon the writhing pile, as if to join in the climax that the blonde and I were rapidly approaching. We came, to a chorus of rhythmically synchronized shrieks. With a tremendous effort of physical strength, I raised myself off the exhausted blonde, scattering the pile of female beauty.

My attention seized upon a demure, brown-haired young creature with a pageboy hairdo, whose long, pale neck and delicately rounded breasts raised the beast in me. I reached out to grab her. She giggled and, rising on all fours, tried to crawl across the pile of bodies to the other end of the bed. My dauntless member stiffened again at the sight of her dainty posterior as she moved away. Like a lustful beast I lunged after her and mounted her hip to flank and with one movement guided my prick into the small slit of her mound, driving it home. The giggle became a shriek heard over the sound of the slapping of my thighs against her bottom. I bit the nape of her neck and tongued her delicate hairline.

The redhead still wanted to play piggyback. From the strength of the grip of her thighs, one might have guessed that she really was a steeplechase jockey by profession.

At last I had done with my brown-haired angel, who collapsed with a long sigh after a screeching, thrashing orgasm that tumbled the redhead from my back and rolled her face-up on the bed. I turned my attention to her fair skin, deliberately bruising her neck with my teeth as I climbed onto her strong, white, high-breasted form and forced her shapely legs apart so as to savagely gain entry into this prize. Her groans of delight and whispered words of passion inflamed my rampant lust, and I pounded against her with increasing force and speed, her strong form arching to meet my thrust.

My hand reached out for the switch that operated the bed's motor and musical mechanism. More screams, squeals and exclamations from the entire bevy of inflamed females greeted the vibrating of the bed. A moment of triumph, I thought with a laugh.

A fast Latin rhythm began to play, and my pleased redhead ground her hips in tight circles in time to the rising rhythm. The music got louder, the bed seemed to be spinning now, and as I reached an exhausting climax, a rush of blood to my head exploded the vision of arms, legs, bellies, and breasts into a thousand multicolored stars as I lost consciousness.

Marvey Lou's voice brought me back to myself. The fog cleared and I stood face-to-face with myself in the bathroom mirror, the small flagon of *Attack!* clenched in my fist, perspiration standing out on my forehead. My "maid's" voice rose two decibels, and with a sigh I relinquished my dreams of glory and pulled myself together.

Marvey Lou was shouting fantastic obscenities when I emerged. Not just the simple %\$* about the rabbits, but a hideous broadside of "†%\$t(*)@c*%!Xc@ing the %\$*(@''%''&\$% out of here."

With my ears sending forth a steam of shame I raced to the depraved area. Old Glockle, half in and half out, with Marvey Lou pushing the door against him, was lolling in amazed disbelief at the fantastic invective he was receiving.

"This here fellow," yelled Marvey at me, "he's trying to smuggle a female in!"

Looking by the now speechless Glockle, I saw a furiously blushing Torchy trying valiantly to appear as if she hadn't heard what she'd heard. "It's OK, loyal and faithful

one. The other person isn't really a woman."

Marvey peered past Glockle. "It ain't? Glory be! With that wig and them false tits, I was sure it was!" She opened the door and let Glockle sort of fall by; he regarded her still with awe. Torchy stalked in after the man. Marvey added, "Hey, Mr. Pete, it even smells like a girl."

"You're in Hollywood now," I told her. "That'll be all. Why don't you go out and wait for the catering truck."

Glockle grabbed both my biceps in his talons and gazed after the departing woman. "What is she?! Where did she ever learn such a fantastically baroque vulgate?"

"That's my maid. She cusses right good, don't she, Harvey?" I took off his hands and surveyed Torchy, who was still blushing.

"Maid!" roared Glockle. "She ought to be in a recording studio cutting albums! Look, she actually made Torchy blush . . . and by God, that takes some doing!"

Torchy smiled venomously at him. "Shall we go outside now," she asked me, "and watch the fruits of our labors?"

I supposed there had been sufficient time for the Watsons to bruit about the sordidness of my alias, so I unlocked the patio doors and showed Torchy out. "Coming, Glockle?"

He said, "Yeah, yeah," in an abstracted manner, still gazing off in the direction Marvey Lou had vanished. "Wow," he whispered reverently, "and hot-cha-cha!"

Torchy put her head close to mine as we walked. I sniffed a randy perfume. "Yeah, like 'wow'. Only with him it means: Worn-Out Wolf!"

Sweetly put, I thought.

The scene about the trampoline was surprisingly orderly. Mrs. Watson would take up a model's release, call a name, and the girl would clamber onto the contraption for a few minutes' try-out. Most of the jouncing lovelies were surprisingly awkward on the springy canvas, and in less than half an hour Lon and I had narrowed the gorgeous field down to about thirty. I reassured the dropouts, however, that they were to stay for lunch and a pool session. It was the least I could do for the poor dears.

Out of one corner of my eye (the other was fantastically busy with an utterly scientific analysis of legs and white thighs and tanned thighs and cute, fat little V's, and double handfuls of hardly clothed buttocks and a heartbreakingly sweet variety of breasts. Some pointed up, some straight, some up and to the side, all of them bounced unconfined. There were the cropped, the long-tressed, the kids in caps and scarfs and headbands and perukes and Spanish ear-rolls and pageboys, and girls with wildly billowing clouds of fine tresses that on the apogee of their bounce quite obscured their faces) I watched Harvey Glockle's face glaze over with delighted lusting.

I took a millisecond out to see that Torchy was narrowing a quizzically amused eye at roughly my equatorial zone.

My perfidious, malnourished, unemployed, distressed, overstimulated, quite undersatisfied, starveling "self" had become . . . turgid, to use a nice name for hugely obtrusive. So I did what any clean-thinking, fine American boy would have to do under the circumstances. I leaned way off balance and, like a felled forest giant, plopped into my pool. Sy Devore pants, shirt, slip-on deerskin slippers and all.

The girls, all fifty of them, were screaming as I emerged.

"He's fainted!"

"Man overboard!"

"Rescue him!"

"Everybody into the pool!"

I knuckled water from my eyes to see an amused Lon Watson snapping candid of the scene as scores of achingly, bitingly, fine hunks of darlings hurled themselves into the



water at my end of the pool. Thank Bacchus it was the deep end, because some of them were coming in from dives off the trampoline.

A few of them groped me. Several attempted to buoy me, but since I was already clinging to the gutter of the coping, I fended them off with great good nature. One red-headed charmer in a now-transparent tank suit surfaced between me and my hands which clutched the pool edge and, screeching "mouth-to-mouth resurrection," opened her fine red mouth and engulfed half my face. My frightful tumescence was still keenly extant, so I bubbled, "Later," to her through water and heaved myself onto the concrete. Sitting cross-legged, I grinned around and shouted, "Back to work, all."

"Back to work, %\$@c&\$ %*+@*&," yelled a familiar voice, and Stephanie Oxford leaped onto the trampoline. She had laced herself, if one could so distort the word "clad," in a shamelessly nude shortie gown, and . . . when one had recovered from her language . . . one could notice that it was open eyelet lace, black, over nothing but keen, bare Stephanie. She trotted to the center of the trampoline, bounced into a high momentum, did a full layout at the top, while leering lewdly into Watson's lens.

"Perfect," he yelled.

There were cries of outrage from most of the other girls. "Where's our costumes?" a girl cried. "Yeah," shrilled others, "they promised us costumes. Sexy costumes."

Still sitting I said, "OK. Those of you who did good on

the trampoline go on in the house. Miss Jones will show you the costumes . . . and some towels for you wet ones."

Marvey Lou regarded me dubiously from the half-open patio door, so I nodded my OK. She shrugged and flung the door wide, just in time to avoid being trampled in the rush of the thirty semifinalists.

Stephanie was ignoring the action, putting on a fine display of advanced trampoline tumbling. Rage gnawed at me for her prowess. Then she did an especially revealing split at the top of a fifteen-foot bounce and something else gnawed at me, too. So I quit watching. Watson went on snapping, quite unconcerned at all the pelf being displayed, while his wife, with equal *sang-froid* busied herself numbering the film packs as he used them up.

In scant minutes the girls began to emerge.

Scant, indeed. A few of the bolder ones were set on outdoing Stephanie and had neglected to button the tops of their gossamer garb. A couple of them wore nothing at all over their jutting treasures. Boy, they sure knew how to hurt a guy!

So I got up, sidled into my house, had two showers, and after things were under somewhat better control, tumescent-wise, tugged on a snug pair of swim trunks, donned a robe, belted it and sallied back outside. The last of the semifinalists were doing their stuff. Lon Watson leaned down and whispered to me, "That first girl, the one who swore so bad, she's head and shoulders the best of the lot. If she doesn't win, this whole deal is rigged."

"Yes," I told him unhappily. Stephanie had taken herself to the far end of the pool where she sat in a metal lawn chair, aloof, disdainful, watching the poor kids attempt to match her style.

Glockle was nowhere to be seen. Strange, considering his debased fascination for this sort of display.

Torchy came up beside me. "That girl over there," she nodded in Stephanie's direction. "Something between you two?"

I admitted it.

"You poor guy," she whispered and drifted away.

A wave of self-pity consumed me. With but half of my attention I watched as the catering truck rolled up, and the attendant began passing out boxed sandwiches and pouring coffee from a huge urn.

I went back inside again and mixed a stiff drink at my rich man's bar. As I sipped at it, pensively, there came to my ears the distant merry peals of girl laughter.

Who cared! I picked up the bottle and retreated to my room.

If anyone wanted me, they knew I was inside. But who'd want me? Torchy, maybe . . . but I doubted it. She'd already seen Stephanie in action and had been impressed.

Stephanie, herself? Hah! For her, I had that certain nothing.

The mob of girls? Ho! Who'd want a married, alimony-paying, copywriting father?

I noticed I still had the rum in my hand, so I took a couple of cautious pulls. It went down without the fish-hooks catching too many times.

The swim trunks were tight all around. (Had I maybe added a few careless rapture ounces? Possibly.) I wriggled out of them.

Lewd, high-pealing girlish shrieking came from outside. For all I knew they *were* all bare by now. And I just couldn't take it. For all I knew I was on my way to becoming a medical problem.

I had another swig. No fishhooks. Just a few glass particles which melted out through my linings when I cleared my throat.

One more swig made me sleepy, so I put down the bottle and napped for a while in my big round bed. I awoke in semidarkness (priapic, of course, for my dream, a continuation of my earlier fantasy before the bathroom mirror, had been of fingers fluttering over my body, lingering, caressing. . . .

Three naked young ladies were bending over me, their fingers fluttering over my body, lingering, caressing. They were whispering about which of them would be first. I wasn't awake, of course, I told myself, so I closed my eyes and steeled myself to endure the delightful sensations.

I closed my eyes? What could that mean, except that both fantasy and dream had spilled over into what is laughingly called the Waking State?

"Help!" I yelled. "Get out of here! Marvey Lou!"

"She can't hear you," said the red-headed minx. "We locked her up in the laundry room. Now settle back and live a little."

"Man but you're hung, Peter Evans," stated a Junoesque blonde whose long tresses were tickling my stomach.

"Yeah, you're ready!" put in a shapely little brunette. She hopped onto the bed and seated herself on my thighs. "It's sock it to me time, Evans!"

"No, Janet," the big blonde told her. "It's between me and Paula. You get thirds."

The redhead pulled the brunette off balance. Brunette screeched.

I yelled again.

The door burst open and five more wenches scrambled in, pulling off their clothing with happy squeals. "Here he is!" "We found him!" "Hey, gang, in here!"

Gang? I sat up and clutched my pitifully inadequate robe about my rampantness.

"Sock it to me," a girl yelled. Others took up the dread chant.

"Sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me!"

Someone shoved someone, the blonde fell across the bed, two others piled on. Hair was pulled, shrill cries rent the air. The bed gave under the piquant poundage it had never been stressed to bear.

We crashed to the floor. Somehow this activated the vibrating switch, and to the strains of the *Bolero*, far too loud, I took a sharp nipple in the eye. It was hauled away, and two girls sat on my head. They were pulled off, kicking, biting, snarling, and three ladies, one of them clad in black nylons and garter belt, attempted to drag me off by my legs. The opposing team hauled in the other direction on my arms as the little brunette returned to the fray. "I got dibs on the middle," she yelled and proceeded to stake her claim.

"Rape," I hollered and slapped her bare rump savagely. She turned loose and fell to the thick carpet, howling. Three new kids rushed in to jump her claim. I tore my feet loose from the gang that was dragging me and managed to stand. A nude body hurtled up and locked horribly nice thighs about my face. As we both went over, someone swatted her, and I hit the bed with her elbow in my other eye. Hands groped me intimately, grab-ass was played, the *Bolero* pounded savagely, shrill screams of combat filled the atmosphere, and fistfights and hair-pullings began. And the damned broken bed still pulsed and twitched and vibrated obscenely.

The lights clicked on.

Two policemen with drawn guns stood goggling at the

depraved scene. "This must be the place," said one.

They holstered their guns and the older one raised his hands as if in benediction. "Ladies, ladies, please! Desist! Cease!" He was getting little response until he thundered, "Heah cum de judge!"

I could see, but I couldn't move. A girl was sitting on my face; the rest of me was smothered in scented, sweaty flesh. I had never known that ten or twelve women could be so heavy. I noted the fact for future daydreams.

The tumult died down, even the *Bolero* recording coming to its crashing climax. But the broken bed still heaved rhythmically, suggestively.

"You girls under there, stop that," ordered the senior cop. "Shame on you!"

"We can't," some cutie whimpered. "It's a motor in the bed, I guess." Bodies shifted slightly and I got my head free.

"Well, hi there, officers." It wasn't too witty a remark, but it was all that occurred to me.

"A man," the younger fuzz muttered. "Come on out, mister, and explain this . . . this . . . love-in."

I writhed the rest of me free, shoving aside cute bare stuff to clutch my tattered robe about me. "A pajama party?" I quavered.

The older one shook his head, no.

"An un-pajama party?"

He shook his head again. "And turn off that damned bed!"

The switch on the headboard wouldn't work, so I reached around behind it and yanked wires. The bed halted. "Well," I began, "there's this trampoline, you see, and. . ."

The young fuzz turned to his senior. "Jeeze, he does it on a trampoline, Sarge."

"There was too a trampoline. Wasn't there, girls?"

Nods of agreement. Soft chorusing of yesses.

"But I didn't do it on it, did I?"

Negative headshakes.

"Why not?" asked the Sarge. "Saving that for dessert?"

"You see, I'm in advertising, and. . ."

"I'll say," whispered a little bare taffy-head whose dimpled legs were across my lap. I removed her limbs, touching her with obvious distaste, as if handling a couple of ripe fish.

"We were doing an ad for this trampoline. These girls are models."

"They're always models, nowadays," Younger Cop said.

"Easy," cautioned Older Cop.

"And during the shooting, I. . ."

"Shooting," mused Older Cop. The other one snickered meanly.

"During the photography, I got sleepy and came in here for a nap."

"This your house, mister?" asked Younger.

"Yes. I'm Peter Evans."

"The Third," said a brown-haired pixie I hadn't realized I was half sitting on.

"That might explain the population leap for this residence, but not this particular scene." The Sarge bit his lip, studied the assembled nudes thoughtfully. Particularly the one who had been wearing black silk hosiery and garter belt. One stocking was in tatters now. "A Miss Jones called Beverly Hills police. Said there was a gang rape going on. Well?" He waited. "You there," he said to the overdressed one. "Just what happened?"

As she pondered, I remembered there was an extension phone in the laundry room. Dear, faithful Marvey Lou, the wretch! If I'd had just another few minutes, I'd have polenated this entire gaggle of darlings. True, it wouldn't have

been easy making them wait their turns, but I knew I could have mastered them. A whip! A chair! Down, wench! Turn off that motor, you there. Get in line! Plenty here for all! Get your hands and legs off, you little devil. You're not next. Down! Down I say. Heel! Sit. All of you! There . . . that's better. Now, I shall pass amongst you and the stronger of thee wilt win out first. The lessers of thee I shalt take for seconds and thirds and such-like. Ready? Set? G—

"Well," said Garter Belt, idly plucking at her destroyed black stocking, "there was this one girl. She was real good on the trampoline, and not bad looking, uh . . . you know? And I hated her, see?"

A chorus of "Me, too." "So did I." "A horrid bitch." "Exposing herself." "Maybe a closet dyke." "Rim Queen, no doubt." "No moral values." "A child molester, maybe." "Shameless."

Torn Stocking picked up the thread. "Yeah. And while we were all in swimming, after the modeling, you know, she came around and told us that this guy, Peter Evans here, wasn't really married and had kids, like, and . . ."

". . . and that he was filthy rich," continued the blonde Juno, "and that he was about to take over some big picture studio, and . . ."

". . . and that he was lonely and love starved," picked up a Polynesian-looking type I hadn't noticed before, "and that his first picture would be about a bunch of airline stewardesses who get stranded on a desert island. Well, they . . ." She had the most amazing nipples, I saw. They were as big as silver dollars as they peeped through her hip-long ebony hair.

"So," continued a hippy redhead (natural red, too) who had from some resource managed to produce a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and don them, making for a spectacularly dirty-scholastic effect, "she suggested that any girl who could make him happy would be automatically assured of a good part in his picture.

"Is this true, Mr. Evans?" the younger policeman asked. I noticed he was perspiring considerably, although it wasn't hot.

"Well . . ." I temporized. "I *am* interested in motion pictures, and it's just possible I might . . ."

The pixie on whom I'd sat came to sudden life, snaking her bare arms around me, sticking her tongue into my ear, her sharp little knockers into my throat and chin and cheeks. "Don't forget me. I'm Edy," she mouthed softly. "GL 6-2034." Gently I kicked her off me while abstractly considering her exquisite navel, her well-turned flanks, her flawless pale hide, the dimples in all four of her cheeks.

A diminutive bit of black-haired baggage slithered up into her place. "I'm Bitsy. I'll call *you*. And I'm awfully talented, Peter-baybee!" She held both my ears in her grip and swarmed my lips with her open mouth. "I ball like crazy!"

"Now, cut that out!" roared one of the cops. I couldn't see which one because Bitsy was now raking her spectacular bosom back and forth across my face. Graciously, I gave in and bit one gently.

"Go now," I told her fatherishly. She leaned away with obvious reluctance.

"Yes, officer?" I was determined to support my local fuzz.

The older one was perspiring now, too. "Girls, what else?" he shouted. "You there . . ." He pointed to a sultry sexpot who sat cross-legged, strategically shaven, her chin in her hands, her black pageboy hair marvelously unruffled. Perchance she hadn't fought for me. A bit Lez, perhaps?

"So like what else is there?" she replied laconically. (Some dear child was snaking her long-nailed fingers up my

leg under my robe. I didn't deign to find out who. Let her suffer my indifference for her overfamiliarity!) Shavey continued. "This trampoline expert, she said this guy here was practically a satyr, only he was too shy to meet girls, and that he was rich and lonely and available. So . . . a bunch of us decided to sneak in and have at him."

"Only," purred Bitsy, "there was this maid biddy who kept swapping us with a wet mop, so we aced her into the laundry room and locked her in. Then we played cards for who got to sneak in on Mr. Evans first, only everybody cheated, and some of us . . . them . . . started nipping at the bar, and pretty soon, well, we were all in here in his bedroom. Like, after him." She flung herself against me and began weeping.

"There, there," I soothed, petting her shoulder blades, whiffing her perfume, keeping my eyes well away from her sweetly turned fanny and legs and breasts.

Marvey Lou!

"Hey, one of you guys go let her out! She was just doing her duty!"

The young cop moved away, then returned. "You mean you ordered her to keep these . . . dear ladies out of here?"

"'Pon my word. Go let her out!"

The Sarge nodded his OK at the younger man, who left.

The hand with the fingernails was toying ultimately high. Shavey was grinning right at me. Juno hovered, her splendid breasts quivering with . . . with unrequited lust? The Polynesian licked her lush lips and winked at me. The Edy pixie (GL 6-2034, I remembered) regarded me gravely as she innocently scratched her mons. And Bitsy, who had managed to snuggle up again, whispered, "Did you ever have a hat job? I blow your hat right off, Peter, baby." And the little stacked brunette, Janet, the Sock-It-To-Me sweetie, was gently toying with her nappy nips while fixing me with a look of marvelous impurity.

So I said, "Officer, I've got to please turn over and lie on my stomach, please sir? Huh, fellow?"

He shrugged. "They're *your* girls. *Your* foul and apparently smashed bed. You made it. Lie in it, and on it, under it. I don't care." He meditated. "I do care, but as an underpaid public servant and married man, father of seven, I can't allow myself to admit that I care. I should order all this kootsie to get itself covered up, and in a few minutes I shall, but in the meantime, I intend to study this scene so well that it will forever be imprinted on my very eyeballs. So there." He struggled for professional mastery. "And if any of you try to quote me, I'll run you in for public indecency."

"We're not public," protested Shavey, who was now lying on her back and had thrust her violent legs into the air and was doing an upside-down bicycle exercise.

"Private indecency," the poor Public Servant roared.

A calming touch was needed. "Girls, girls," I admonished. "Pity this man. He can look but not touch. Don't bug him. Think of his little wife!"

"She weighs a hundred and sixty-two," he said sadly.

Black Stockings and Shavey sprang up and crossed to the poor man. "Aw! Don't cry." They hung on him, clutched, soothed, endeared, muttered, lip-to-ear whispered, cozzled, and nibbled at him as he turned white, red, purple, and ultimately randy. He was beginning to actually reciprocate when Cop Junior led Marvey Lou in. Sarge brushed the girls off hurriedly.

I ask you to imagine a wounded gamecock.

I further say, imagine wild pigs and 'gators and mean, mad, drunk bulldogs, and gorillas which have had hot pokers shoved up their anal orifices, and a cornered wildcat that has just been slapped and you might begin to appreci-

ate the look of sheer, bestial rage on Marvey Lou's face. "Which one of you twitches locked me in that room?" she yammered. In a touching gesture of solidarity the frightened darlings all pointed at each other.

"Now, now, Jonesey. All's well that ends well," I announced.

"I want blood!" she screamed.

I shot the older officer a beseeching look. "Miss Jones," he said, "there seems to be no crime committed here."

"Y'all mean rape ain't no crime!"

"Well . . ." He eyed me questioningly.

"I didn't rape a one of them, officer."

"I mean you, Evans."

"Oh. I see. Well . . . No. Not actually. Just a simple carefree little bit of sporting around that almost got out of hand."

The man closed his eyes tiredly. "In any other precinct than Beverly Hills I am utterly certain you would all be jailed. But I can smell no pot. I see no cameras and lights for filming wicked movies. So I am forced to let you off with a warning. Cool it! That goes for you, too, Miss Jones. No rough stuff. Understand?"

Marvey Lou sniffed in disappointment but said, "All rightie. I always was law-abidin'."

The men turned to leave. "By the way, Evans. I'm off duty on Wednesdays and Thursdays. If ever you need some . . . well, some sort of protection up here . . ."

Sarge snorted.

"All right, girls. Party's over. Get dressed and I'll let you know tomorrow or next day which one of you won."

"But we thought . . ." said Shavey, "we thought that first girl won. She really was the best."

"Listen," I growled, "I wouldn't use that dame in a dog food commercial. Unless she'd eat it, of course."

Once again glad cries of delight and thankfulness for still being in the running. Lots of them ran up for little hugs and squeezes.

"Children, children," I told the innocents. "No thanks necessary. Just get dressed now."

They stood regarding me, motionless. "But we can't," said Bitsy. "Not with you right here in the room watching. It wouldn't be nice."

Marvey Lou said, "Humphf!" and stalked out.

Of course. "How crude of me, dears. Now you just all look away and let old uncle Peter make a dash out of here."

They did. I did. I made it to the master bathroom where, after a hideously icy shower, I found things under control. And while all was still manageable, I put on two jockstraps, a pair of tight shorts, trousers, and selected a shirt that would be suitable for wear while beating up on a woman.

Stephanie was going to get it!

I fumed my way up the hill to the Oxford home. It was beyond a prank. What if reporters had gotten wind of it? And those two cops with their cannons pointed at me. True, they had quickly holstered them. Bless the sweet, understanding nature of Beverly Hills police when called upon to assist their own citizenry. And bless all the money here that makes this attitude mandatory.

And curses upon Stephanie!

She was climbing out of her pool when I arrived. Angry as I was, I couldn't help comparing her unflawed symmetry with that of the thirty girls I had just bundled with. Her bikini was, of course, a micro-bikini. The pool area lights were just enough to reveal her full but somehow pert breasts, bobbling with each step. And her quite tiny waist, and her dimpled little navel, and her deliciously rounded buttocks that also rotated and bobbed a bit with each step, and her . . .



Down boy!

. . . thighs that looked as if they might rub together just ever so slightly . . .

DOWN, I SAY!!!!

She picked up a towel and began scrubbing her hair.

. . . and the cute little V where her long legs joined her body, which I had seen one evening on my now-ruined bed. Without bikini bottom. Had I touched her? It? I couldn't quite recall, but I remembered the tint of her mossiness, and the fine sheen of that downy triangle of her passion pot. And how had she smelled? Yeah! Wild mimosa! And I remembered two I had patted and poked and . . .

NO! HEEL!!! ANGER, remember? POUNCE! PUNISH!!!

"Hi," I said noncommittally.

"Oh, Peter. Good to see you. I was just taking a little

evening dip."

Miss Innocence. I advanced on her, never taking my gaze from what I had come for. Her fanny.

"Uh . . . Pete, I'm not going to do the modeling job. I just wanted to work out on the trampoline. OK? Pete?"

"Yeah." I was very close now, still staring at lower middle.

"That Mr. Watson is nice. So is his wife. I told them which girl I thought was best for the ad." She was backing away, now. "You know, the big Viking-looking kid. You know? With the two thick braids? Pete . . ."

"Yeah." I was at her. I reached out and grabbed her biceps, one in each strong jackhammering, laboring, honest, hard-toil hand.

"What's the matter with you, nut? You're hurting me, Pete!"

"Yeah."

She struggled to get away, but the coping was wet and slick beneath her bare feet. She tried to karate-kick my insteps, but without shoes, Jack, that just can't be effective. (I had not read dirty-fighting books all these years for nothing!)

I snatched a hand from her biceps and ripped off her bikini top. I flung the scrap of cloth away. Her goodies bobbed up sweetly. Cute little nipples, I managed to observe.

You . . . Cut . . . That . . . Out!" Stephanie was confused now. I twisted away just in time to avoid a nasty knee blow to the groin.

I held her biceps again, tightly, hurtingly. Then, freeing my other hand, I slashed down at her bikini bottom. It ripped off easily. (But I didn't look down.)

"Rape!" she screamed. Then, "Peter . . . the lights. The neighbors can see us!"

"Yeah," I said.

She went limp. "Take me, then. I don't care what happens to me, but I was saving myself for . . ."

I wasn't fooled and didn't loosen my grip.

So she exploded into a fury of head-butting, kicking, writhing attempts to bite my face, and it was all I could do to hold her. But such a big man am I, and so conditioned by my years of laboring, I managed to contain this 120-pound girl. I spun her around, took an awful heel blow almost dead center of my long ache, and hauled her over to a concrete bench. Five panting, exhausted minutes later, I had her slithering wetness turned over my lap, and by getting one leg around her ankles and holding her by the hair with one hand, I freed a paw.

"You wouldn't dare!" Horribly cold rage. "Pete?" Supplication.

"Yeah." The dazzlingly dimpled, wet, white, charmingly rounded globes of her adorable bottom shone starkly in the seductive pool lighting, and I experienced such a sudden surge of lust that, my cautionary garments notwithstanding, almost sponged her off my lap. She went "Ohhhhhh. Uhhh. Ah." And was still.

But not after the first resounding slap of my hand on her fine fanny. She moaned, she lurched, she sobbed, she yelled for her Daddy, she bucked and writhed and yelled. Slap, slap, slap. She got red, first on one cheek, and when I shifted my attack, then on the other. Whack! Kapow!

Her weeping had hiccups in it now. "Spank . . . me . . . Peter, darling . . . I'm a . . . naughty . . . little . . . hic girl, aren't I . . . Petey? Hic . . . oh you . . . man, you . . . spank me . . . I'm your . . . little girl . . . hic."

Sonofabitch! She was enjoying it! So I picked her up in my arms, face up to the night sky, eyes closed, tear-streaked cheeks, tongue darting out over and over upon her ripe lips, and I looked and looked.

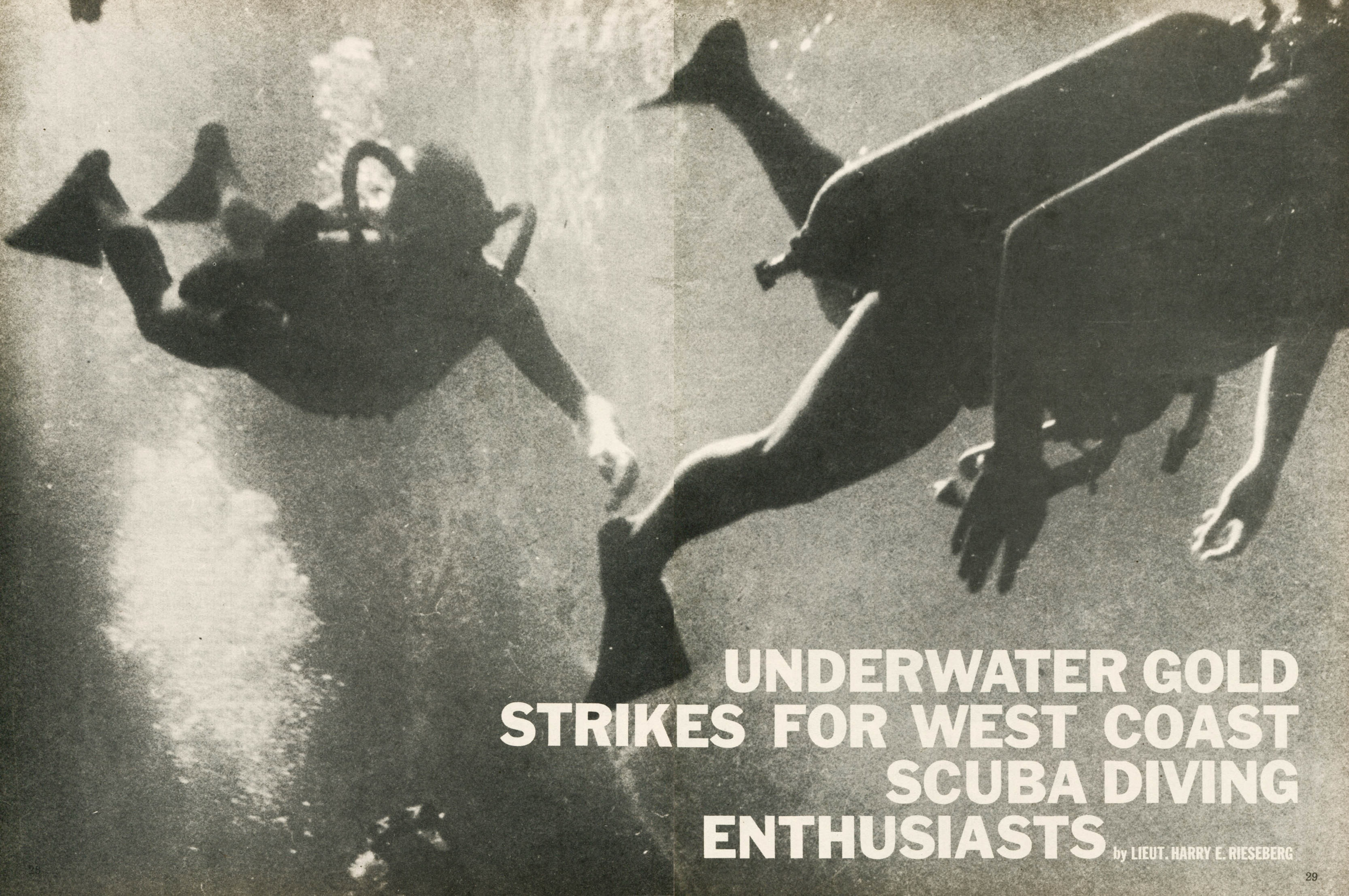
And I threw her into the pool.

As I walked away and down the path to my house I heard Mark Oxford's gentle voice say, from some shadowy recess: "Bravissimo!" He clapped and clapped and clapped. While the night air was rent frightful by Stephanie's bubbly, garbled, hysterical cursing.

My palm stung sweetly.

THIS IS AN EXCERPT FROM
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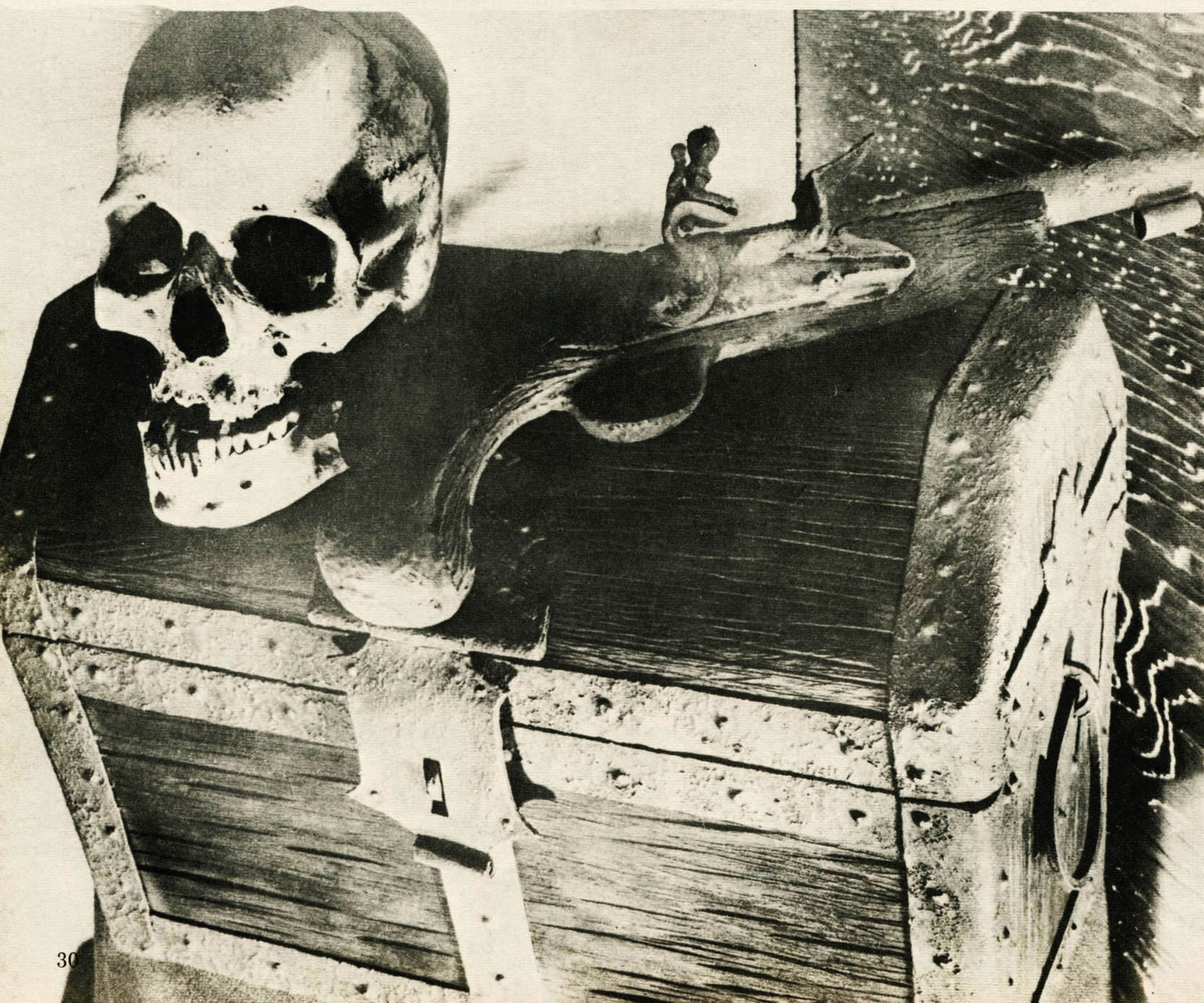


**UNDERWATER GOLD
STRIKES FOR WEST COAST
SCUBA DIVING
ENTHUSIASTS**

by LIEUT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG

Silver slave bracelets at right, used in the early days, were embedded in formations on the sea bottom.

They were unearthed from the resting place of long sunk craft by the author of this article. Below are an ancient sea chest, pistol and skull after encrustations were cleaned away.



"Looking for something new to do during vacation?" says Lieut. Harry E. Rieseberg, the author of this article. "Then consider treasure hunting off the West Coast mainland. These shallow waters here are littered with the bones of long-sunk wrecks of ships which carried the early pioneers during the Western gold-rush era, as well as those wrecks of earlier centuries. Today, these waters are a paradise for vacationing scuba and skin-diving enthusiasts, with millions of dollars in riches just waiting to be reclaimed..."

Scattered off the Pacific's West Coast shore from Alaska southward to below the Mexican border are a host of submerged riches resting in the remains of long-lost shipwrecks, rotting hulks that still retain their treasure, undisturbed and unsalvaged. They consist of gold ingots, crusted silver bars, jewels and other valuables of historical value. True, many of these earlier wrecks have disintegrated years ago, but their rich cargoes of unperishable nature still rest like green ghosts of yesterday, waiting the modern-day, treasure-hunter scuba diving enthusiast. Modern scuba and skin-diving apparatus now put these underwater sites within reach of experienced divers who salvage for both vacation and profit.

The search for submerged treasure has ever held man's fascination, and today the mask and flippers of scuba and skin-diving, small-boat owners are becoming the means of wresting some of these valuables from barnacled hulks as well as from the resting places of once proud craft themselves, long rotted away yet leaving precious cargoes that time and the elements cannot destroy.

And today there are many individuals who make a regular business of this bizarre sort of hunting. Most of them work furtively and secretly, and as a result most successful finds aren't publicized by newspaper headlines.

However, the modern-day scuba and skin-diving enthusiast who possesses or charters a small boat and electronic underwater metal detectors may be able to claim some of these fabulous caches and acquire a new thrill such as they have never before experienced. It's all there waiting, even in

depths that are in most areas off the coast only a few fathoms deep.

For instance, from a small outboard boat two miles off the peninsula which extends from Pt. Reyes in Marin county southwest of Drake's Bay, strange shadows could be seen moving just eight fathoms beneath the surface waters. Small, colorful fish scurried away in fright as the strangely garbed intruders with metal gills explored slowly for signs of a long-sunk Spanish frigate's remains.

The divers searched the waters intently, pausing here and there for brief seconds, then stopped suddenly above a small sandbar and touched down to the sea bottom to examine some debris heavily encrusted with sea growth and shell. Toredo-eaten timbers were noted upon examination. The scuba divers were surprised that this rotting relic from the 1800's was so thoroughly disintegrated, even in five fathoms of water.

They raked the mud and sand from the shattered masts and spars that stood almost erect out of the sea bed. Within a few moments they had unearthed pieces of metal, planking, and other relics buried deep in the bottom, before finally coming upon a huge, barnacled and rusty sidewheeler's smokestack, still intact. They continued digging more relics out of the sea bed.

Suddenly long bursts of aerated bubbles began breaking from the divers' masks as their excited movements showed they had come upon something of real interest! Directly before them one of the divers had noted a dark metallic object covered with thick sea growth, about six or eight inches beneath the former sea bottom

level. It was an ingot, he thought, perhaps copper. He scrapped the metal's surface with his knife. It gouged easily, exposing a bright yellow undersurface. He now had no doubt about what he had found . . . it was unmistakably gold—a *solid, crudely cast ingot of pure gold!*

Still almost disbelieving, all four scuba divers examined the find, exuberant and spellbound with amazement at their unexpected luck. They realized this wasn't an isolated discovery, for no ship would carry a mere ingot. There must be others, perhaps gold and silver bullion, and speciemuch more—buried deeper under the very sea bed where they searched.

After rigging a small sling with a drop line about the oblong ingot, the divers ascended to their boat. This was not their first underwater treasure discovery. For they were experienced scuba enthusiasts who spent their vacations treasure exploring for sport, adventure and profit—with considerable success.

Excited over their new find, the divers descended eight times, returning each time with other gold ingots, relics, artifacts and valuables. They even came upon a sea chest nestled amid some long-rotted timbers close by. And when the last traces of light had vanished in the depths, a huge cache had been unearthed and hoisted to the outboard.

It had taken the scuba divers only a few days to locate the exact site where the old Spanish frigate had gone down so many years before. And a single afternoon's exploratory search and salvage had brought them a return of more than \$50,000 in real loot—mighty good treasure fishing these

THE PRINCIPAL SUNKEN TREASURE TARGETS OF THE WEST COAST—CALIFORNIA,

Name of Vessel	Rig	Flag	Date of Loss	Estimated Loss	Depth (fathoms)
Santo Domingo	Galleon	Spanish 1540	\$3,000,000	22
1 Unidentified (1)	Galleon	Spanish 1595	1,000,000	20
San Augustin (2)	Galleon	Spanish 1595	500,000	8
San Pedro	Galleon	Spanish	June 4, 1598	2,000,000	14
Draecke	Frigate	Dutch	June 12, 1689	1,000,000	10
Santa Rosa	Galleon	Spanish	Oct. 3, 1717	700,000	20
1 Unidentified	Galleon	Spanish 1725	500,000	10
San Sebastian (3)	Galleon	Spanish	Jan. 7, 1754	1,500,000	36
San Jose	Galleon	Spanish	June 30, 1769	500,000	12
1 Unidentified (4)	Galleon	Spanish 1801	(Unknown)	12
Santa Cecilia	Frigate	Spanish	Sep. 14, 1852	200,000	12
Yankee Blade (5)	Steamer	American	Sep. 30, 1854	153,000	9
Golden Gate (6)	Steamer	American	July 14, 1862	1,500,000	6
Bremen	Steamer	American 1883	60,000	5
Brother Jonathan (7)	Steamer	American	July 30, 1865	335,000	37
Golden City	Steamer	American	Feb. 22, 1870	500,000	9
Sacramento (8)	Steamer	American 1872	2,000,000	..
Pacific	Steamer	American	Nov. 4, 1875	79,220	14
W. H. Nesse (9)	Bark	American	July 23, 1886	75,000	10
City of Rio de Janeiro (10)	Steamer	American	Feb. 22, 1901	2,075,000	62
Islander (11)	Steamer	British	Oct. . . . 1901	1,500,000	..
H.J. Cockrane (12)	Steamer	American 1911	96,500	12
Cuba	Steamer	American	Sep. 8, 1923	400,000	10
San Juan	Steamer	American	Aug. 29, 1929	75,000	12
Colombia (13)	Steamer	American	Sep. 13, 1931	320,000	8
Vazlav Vorosky	Steamer	Russian	Apr. 3, 1941	1,750,000	15
Henry Bergh	Steamer	American	May 31, 1944	40,000	36
Drexel Victory	Steamer	American	Jan. 19, 1947	60,000	16
Fernstream	Motorship	British	Dec. 11, 1952	30,000	22
Jacob Luckenbach	Steamer	American	July 4, 1953	52,000	35

OREGON, WASHINGTON, AND THE BAJA CALIFORNIA AND ADJACENT WATERS

Exact Place of Sinking	Nature of Cargo
5 miles off mouth Escondido Creek, Calif.	Gold & silver bullion, specie
Off easterly tip of peninsula, Drake's Beach, Drake's Bay, Calif.	same
On reefs, off Pt. Reyes, Calif.	Gold, porcelain, ivory & pearls
On reefs, off Arrow Pt., Santa Catalina Id., Calif.	Gold & silver bullion, specie
Off SW tip Tiburon Id., Sonora, Mexico	same
On reefs, off Bishop Rock, SSE Cortes Bank, Calif.	same
Off Clatsop Beach, Ore.	same
2 miles off NE end Santa Catalina Id., Calif.	same
At mouth Nehalem River, near sea entrance, Ore.	same
Off NW tip San Miguel Id., Santa Barbara Channel, Calif.	same
3 miles NNW Ships Rock, Calif.	same
Off Honda's Bridge Rock, Pt. Arguello, Calif.	same
½ mile offshore, 14 miles N Manzanillo, Mexico	same
Off S shore Farallon Ids., Calif.	Gold & silver specie
On Northwest Seal Rock, St. George Reef, 8 miles off Crescent City, Calif.	Gold & silver bullion, specie & whiskey
Off Cape Lazaro Pt., Santa Margarita Id., Mexico	Gold & silver bullion, specie
9 miles off Pt. San Antonio, on Sacramento Reef, Mexico	same
Off Cape Flattery, Wash.	Gold & silver specie in strongbox
On Peacock Spit, off Besse Buoy, near Cape Hancock, Ore.	Specie and steel rails for Northern Pacific Railroad
On Mile Rock, Land's End, off Fort Point, Calif.	Gold & silver bullion, specie
In Taku Inlet, Icy Pt., Stevens Passage, Alaska	same
Off SW tip Angel Id., San Francisco Bay, Calif.	Gold bullion
Off SW end Miguel Id., Santa Barbara Channel, Calif.	Gold & silver bullion, specie
Off Pigeon Pt., S of San Francisco, Calif.	Gold & silver specie
Off Pt. Tasco, Santa Margarita Id., Mexico	Gold & silver bullion, specie
Off Peacock Spit, Wash.	Gold & silver specie
Off NW side Farallon Ids., Calif.	Specie & military cargo
¼ mile due W of Buoy No. 6, Peacock Spit, Wash.	Gold & silver specie
Off SW end Alcatraz Id., San Francisco Bay, Calif	same
7 miles SW San Francisco Lightship anchorage, Calif.	Gold & silver specie, steel



Scuba divers above examine rotting timbers of Spanish galleon's remains which later turned out to be site of treasure. Below a diver uses a "pump-er" to clear away debris.



days! Yet, without the discovery of the old masts and spars projecting from the sea bed like ghostly outcrops or the more recently sunk old side-wheeler's rusted smokestack, it is probable that the valuable treasure of the earlier wreck may never have been located. The name, date of sinking, or any other historical information were unknown, but the wreckage and treasure of the underlying craft was believed to be one of the early Manila galleons which had carried riches from Asia to America during the seventeenth century or earlier.

With the modern, lightweight air tanks, scuba divers today have a far better opportunity of reclaiming sunken treasure from the bottom of these offshore waters than with the traditional "hard hat" helmet, dress-suited gear. And for the trained scuba diver who has a swashbuckling spirit of adventure there are millions of dollars in real wealth to be found along these Pacific Coast shores. The gold, silver and other relics in metal ingot, bar and specie, as well as valuable artifacts and antiques have enormous "turn in" value and collector's demand.

Since the mid-sixteenth century, many more ships have been lost in these waters than is generally realized. They range from old Manila galleons and frigates—laden with cargoes of treasure—to freighters, steamers and others whose only tangible assets to the salvage seeker are the strongboxes containing hard cash for the payment

of crews and operational expenses. And even if one doesn't find gold and silver or other precious caches, they can partake of the salvage money that is offered on hundreds of lost wrecks of more modern vintage by the maritime insurance companies. Rewards are offered for just an accurate marking of the resting place of a wreck, substantiating that it is in a reasonable area and position for recovery. This method is naturally not as lucrative as an actual salvage, but it provides eventful fun and will more than compensate for the cost of equipment, time involved and vacation needs.

In these West Coast waters a huge number of potential treasure wrecks lie buried—to the tune of millions of dollars. In some places they stud the bottom all along the offshore shallow waters of Alaska, Washington, Oregon, California, and the west coast of Mexico. For instance, within an area of twenty miles off Sand Island, Washington, at the mouth of the Columbia River, more than 600 ships were lost between 1600 and 1870 alone, among which were some eighty-odd treasure-laden craft whose gold and silver cargoes are estimated to exceed \$100,000,000. Here, too, as well as off San Francisco and other ports, are many Manila galleons and coastal craft carrying gold, silver, ivory, jewels, etc.—and many were laden with gold bullion from the California gold fields. Between Tillamook Head and Clatsop, Oregon, once known as the "Graveyard of Ships," more than 150 wrecked ships lie beneath the waters just offshore. Many of these, too, carried gold bullion from the California Mother Lode and other early mining sites.

Those scuba divers contemplating such a search in these waters want to know *what* and *where*. As the accompanying chart or listing of the most important locations indicates, there is no lack of sunken riches around these shores. Through proper research, such lists of authenticated shipwrecks can be compiled from libraries and customhouse records of the ports along these regions. Those who sell "purported" treasure maps and charts are merely looting the pocketbooks of the treasure hunters. A listing and record of more than a thousand such substantiated treasure-bearing shipwrecks may be obtained from the author's recent book, *"Guide to the Sunken Treasure Ships of the World"* (Frederick Fell, Inc., 386 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y., \$5.95), which also describes and pinpoints many submerged treasure communities as well.

For most scuba divers, carrying out a search for sunken treasure, relics and artifacts can be more exciting and lucrative than merely spearing fish or idly exploring the sea bottom.





Her nickname
is Baby Doll — but
we still call her

SHAWN



Out of Las Vegas to Hollywood is Shawn's trail—another good luck story for the West Coast—and her admirable talents (they measure 42-24-38!) will insure her fame and success in whatever she does and lasting fondness in whomever she meets! We wish this Baby Doll the very best luck—and any guy who comes across her doesn't need any—he's already had more than he deserves!





Or how internal
revenue can break up
interior orgies...

by RENE VINCENT

The New Commercial Sexpots

Whenever a good thing gets going, you can bet that someone will figure a way to make a buck at it—and fast. It happened that way with the inception of the sex-swap and mate-changing clubs in the early sixties. Today, there are a hundred commercial clubs of this nature in most major cities.

The inside of the racket was recently blown wide open with the arrest and indictment of a New York City couple, not married, who ran one of these bizarre sex clubs for profit.

It all started with an incident all-too-common in today's sex-crazed world. Harry Wilson, as we shall call him here, got a few drinks under his belt at a party at his house one night, and as alcohol often does, it made Harry think that Sophe, his wife's best friend, was Sophia Loren. They wound up in the bedroom, Harry too far gone to know if he was the seduced or the seducer, and the little woman walked in on them.

After a stormy scene that deteriorated into tearful wails when they were alone, the wife, Judy, could only moan: "Why, Harry? Why?"

Harry may have vaguely remembered reading something about the reply given by a mountain climber when they asked him why he climbed mountains. At any rate, Harry's reply to Judy's wailing question was a simple "Because she was there."

Well, that makes sense to most males, but it didn't to Judy, so she headed for an attorney and the divorce court.

Harry had a good job, was fairly attractive in a masculine way, and he had few problems having fun with his sex life. Then one night he met Sally, and as they got cozy over a couple of drinks and he told the sad story of his marital misadventures, it turned out that the same thing had happened to Sally, in reverse. But her husband, after he caught her in bed with his best friend, had put them both in the hospital—then he got the divorce.

They fell to wondering at the failure of spouses to understand such human frailties. After a few sex sessions, Sally and Harry decided they

wouldn't be so narrow-minded, and they began living together. They were as faithful as newlyweds—at first. Their leisure hours were spent in discussing the toughness of life for newly divorced persons. That led to a discussion of a possible "club" where the gals wouldn't have to go through all the wolf-wrestles that divorcees are fair game for, and where the men wouldn't have to lay out a week's paycheck on booze, trying to get a date or trying to forget his lost love.

Sally explains: "The new divorcee is a bum. Bachelors treat you like a piece of used junk, and act as if they are doing you a favor if they ask you to sleep with them. Married guys think the divorcee is just wasting away from want of sex, and try to get you to bed without even a meal or a drink, just so they can do a favor to a poor, sex-starved castoff."

She went on: "Not that we don't want love—even affairs. We do. But these jerks you work with think you're stupid, and give you the old con job—especially the married ones. You know—they put the 'used merchandise' price tag on you, because you are no longer a snow-white virgin. Or the other type that thinks that 'once the loaf is cut, nobody is going to miss a slice.'"

Both Sally and Harry had had several hit-and-run affairs after their divorces and had grown weary of this rat race. They candidly admitted that they couldn't get what they wanted, and what they got wasn't really what they wanted. What this mixed up country needed, they finally agreed, was a marital sample shop—where a sincere, solid person of either sex could try out a few lonely, eager and eligible members of the opposite sex.

They moved to a different city and got good jobs and formed a large circle of friends who knew them as Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson. Eventually, one couple, Irene and Ted, became intimate friends, sharing movie dates, ball games, fishing trips, etc.

Harry found that his strong desire for Irene was spoiling his sex sessions with Sally, and he began to wonder what to do about it. Then one night, in the middle of the sex act, Sally said

abruptly: "You want to go to bed with Irene, don't you?"

Harry was surprised but realized that the glances and touches had given him away, so he answered Sally honestly and said yes.

To his surprise, she said casually. "I've been wondering what Ted would be like in bed." At first Harry thought she was merely trying to get even and make him jealous, but Sally did not let it drop.

Later, she said, "You know, Harry, we enjoy them in so many other ways. Why wouldn't they be as enjoyable as sex partners, now and then?"

Harry replied that he didn't think Irene and Ted were that sophisticated, but—it was pleasant to think about.

"How do we know?" she asked. "We've never really given them a chance to talk about sex, morality—that sort of thing. Let's try." So, the next night the couple came calling on the Wilsons Harry "just happened to have a few reels of film he had picked up in Japan." He shyly explained that it was "pretty hot," and that if it would embarrass either of them, they would all just forget it and have a few hands of bridge.

"Oh, we're not kids," Ted laughed. "I've seen a few stag films and I'm sure that Irene is not prudish, are you dear?"

"I've always wanted to ask you what was in that kind of film," Irene enthused. "I'm dying to see it. Come on, Harry—go!"

First, Sally served a couple of pretty stiff drinks, then when the lights went down and the film started, by prearrangement, she sat with Ted while Harry squeezed into an overstuffed chair with Irene. The film was brutally raw and erotic, and it did the trick. Suddenly Irene grabbed Harry's hand and put it between her legs, calling out nervously to her husband, "Ted, you're never here when I need you."

But Ted was busy. He had sneaked one hand over Sally's breast and he called out, "Good for the goose is good for the gander, honey."

As the film grew hotter, Harry led Irene to the bedroom where, before he could even help her off with her clothes, she tore his pants open and began kissing his penis eagerly. A glance into the living room told Harry that the couch was being well occupied by Sally and Ted.

Later, Harry was excited. He had found Irene delicious—even more sexually exciting than Sally had been at the very first. A cautious query to Sally brought out that, while she enjoyed Ted sexually, it was not because he was better than Harry, but that he was "different."

The friendship deepened, with sex-

switches taking place about three times a week. In frank discussions all four admitted that their sex lives had never been more exciting—not only with the opposite partner—but with their own sex mate!

Ted invited them out to a weekend party on a huge estate owned by his employer and friend. On the way there Ted admitted that he had wanted to get into something of the sort they had been practicing for the past few weeks, and he suggested that he felt the couple they were going to visit felt the same way though they were much too polite to say so. "I know that Chet would like to get into Irene's panties, at least, by the way he looks and dances with her," he added.

Their host and hostess were a handsome couple in their early forties and had been married almost twenty years.

The movie camera trick worked excellently, and the entire weekend was a success. There was nude swimming, hiking in pairs and a continuous game of musical beds. Everything was straight out, and group discussions interspersed the sex activities.

Sexual freedom for the partner, the six claimed, was the only answer in the search for sexual and marital happiness.

The hostess revealed that while her husband had chased chippies in Las Vegas and Miami, she had been involved in a few affairs herself. They had both frankly admitted their affairs and, oddly, found that their own sex life matched up beautifully to the extra-curricular sex games.

Chet admitted that he liked younger women, but not the crass, commercial call girl or prostitute type. This got Harry Wilson to thinking. How many other males, bored with marriage yet not wanting to break it up, would appreciate meeting and sleeping with young, attractive, sexually oriented, experienced divorcees. Then Helen, Chet's wife, stated that she too liked younger men for a change—although she still liked the courtly, old-fashioned love-making of men like Chet, her husband, and also of her guest, Ted.

Harry decided he would start an organization that would bring all these people together, where sexual freedom would prevail and jealousy would have no place. He contacted Chet, who agreed to buy a secluded hunting and fishing lodge for the purpose. It would be a straight business deal—Harry to pay him an agreed monthly sum and eventually own the place.

Meantime, he and Helen, along with Ted and Irene, would be charter members of the club.

Chet's business acumen came in handy. They called the club *The Society for the Study of Interracial Fam-*

ily Relationships. As such, it would not attract attention from the community when large gatherings occurred—and it was tax exempt.

Harry assumed that there would be at least ten times more male applicants for his "Divorcee Swap Club" than female, but he was very wrong.

He ran the following ad in several midwestern and southwestern newspapers:

Are you happily married but bored to death? Divorced and at loose ends? Emancipated and blessed with a free-wheeling mind? Have some of the Chris Columbus spirit? Want to explore new worlds, new ideas, new relationships? If so, you are invited to join The Society For the Study of Interracial Family Relationships. Membership fee entitles you to use of lovely lodge, swimming pool, riding stables, evening social activities. Tax benefits as a cultural study organization.

Harry anticipated at least three hundred letters in response to the ads, and he wasn't disappointed. He received over 5,000 the first month! He had to begin weeding out the "well-heeled" prospects.

First he tossed aside the obvious nuts, cranks and degenerates. An example of the ones who were quickly discarded read as follows:

Dear Box.
I am a man of 44, wealthy, educated, charming. I must have at least two orgasms daily and don't care how they are brought about. Your club is exactly what I have been looking for. Money is no object. Send me details at once.

Pantingly yours,
John Doe

Even after screening out the kooks, Wilson had about 2,000 letters of application that looked bona fide. Seventy percent of them were from women! Harry decided to further screen applicants by asking for photos, and after a month more they finally sent out three hundred application blanks—each to be accompanied by an initial fee of \$250. However, this was conditional upon the applicant attending a grand opening soiree (footed by generous Chet), and if not delighted, money would be cheerfully refunded then and there!

A few dropped out because of the distance and time involved but over 250 showed, and the swinging party was a wild success as evidenced by the fact that only three persons wanted

their money back, and these were sadomasochists whom Wilson had marked for rejection and refund anyhow.

There was no forced pairing off. It was a high-class social event where people who were attracted to each other merely bedded down together for the weekend, and from there on it was up to them what form sex took. A convenient switch arrangement was available in case of disappointment. Wilson was amazed when more than thirty persons informed him that, while they had thoroughly enjoyed the party, they wouldn't be returning, for they were getting married as soon as possible! They didn't want their money back, and it was a good thing, because Harry wasn't about to give it—not to more-than-satisfied customers!

The Divorcee Swap Club was a huge success, right from the beginning. Inside ten months Harry Wilson paid off the considerable price of the lodge and had even added several motel units to accommodate the increased trade.

But Harry Wilson had only skimmed the top of the cream of this lucrative racket. Leaving Sally in charge, he set out for other cities, where he carefully screened applicants for "franchises." He was twice almost tripped up by vice cops, but he came through with solid gold franchise deals in eleven cities! Harry even had three overseas franchises, which gave him profit-making "overseas vacations" at the foreign "Societies."

Harry and Sally interviewed applicants personally, asking blunt, pointed questions. They were constantly worried about infiltration by law enforcement personnel, and both grew adept at spotting "plants."

A typical interview was one with Joanne, a sexy, leggy, shapely blonde who had been married at nineteen, divorced at twenty-five. Although only a cocktail waitress, she made over \$150 a week and wanted a satisfactory social life—"away from the creeps."

"I got a divorce because my husband and I simply sickened each other in bed," she said frankly. "I'm not promiscuous, but I do like variety. I take the pill. Why can't I do the same as a man—have a harem, sort of? There is only little Joanne for me to worry about, and I want to live a little. That simple."

After verification through divorce papers, social security, birth certificate (and a letter from her employer, plus a

personal call to her place of employment) Joanne was accepted.

Wilson admitted that an occasional "sleeper" slipped through. One was Carla, a petite, clinging, misty-eyed brunette who appeared to be the epitome of femininity. Two months after she had joined she had to be ejected and given a refund (to keep her from going to the cops), because it turned out that Carla was a dominant, rough-neck "butch" lesbian.

Other human quirks surprised Wilson. One respectable housewife joined after she told him that she must never be known by anything but an alias. She lived in a nearby small town, loved her husband, adored her five kids—but she wanted some excitement in her sex life. She attended faithfully for many months before she confided in Sally that her oldest son had given her the entry fee as a birthday gift!

Many of the customers explained to Harry or Sally that they quite frankly got a big kick out of the "forbidden fruit" aspects of the club. They had no intention of breaking their marriage, and on the other hand, they did not want any cheap "side street" affairs. Most men claimed that they could not abide the prostitutes or bar pickups in comparison to their wives—even though they knew that the sky was the limit, sexually.

Men and women both stated honestly that they did not feel that they were paying for sex, nor did they feel they were prostituting themselves. Many marriages actually resulted from these liaisons, and it is too bad that Harry Wilson's records were confiscated, as it would be interesting to follow the success or failure of such marriages.

Over a hundred of the persons applying originally, were married, and even asked about a special rate for married couples! These couples were interviewed jointly by Sally and Harry. All too often, the reply to the question about their reasons for wanting to join was the same.

"We've been married fifteen years. We still love each other, but our sex life is blah! We don't want divorce—all we want is some new and exciting sex life."

Often the husband would admit that while on a business trip, he had hooked up with a young showgirl, bar pickup or call girl, and had discovered to his delight and amazement that there was still a lot of fire in the old boy yet! Wives admitted that younger men had made the grade with them and had rekindled the old sexy sparks—and they didn't want the fire to die down!

Many persons admitted frankly that they wanted to see if they still "had it"—whether or not they could attract

a young or not-so-young member of the opposite sex. This is a sad commentary on the love-making habits of the adult American.

Eventually, all good things must end, regardless of how noble their aims may be. It happened to Harry and Sally Wilson. Not technically, because Sally and Harry never did wed. They were too busy making money and mixing with the clientele to take time out for that.

After five years, when the membership in eleven cities had grown to more than 12,000—somebody got mad and finked. But worse than that, the fink knew a lot about the operation, and the tax men are in the offing with a whopping big tax bill for a successful and very profitable operation. Jail is almost a certainty for Harry and Sally, for the odds are eleven to one that one of the states is going to come up with a charge that will stick. The U.S. Treasury Department is seldom denied, and like the good businessmen they were, Harry and Sally kept meticulous records—including lawyer's copies of the franchises they peddled.

Of course, Harry (and a hell of a lot of other American adults) asked the obvious question: "What is wrong with a couple of thousand or ten thousand—even a few million—Americans enjoying a full happy sex life as well as a happy married life. So it cost a few bucks. What doesn't? Nobody got harmed, like with cigarettes or LSD or drugs. We never allowed alcoholics in the clubs, and we never had a party where there was much to drink. If you've got sex—who needs alcohol?"

"Show me a happy person sexually, and I guarantee he'll be too happy just living, to get into any kind of argument or trouble. If there were a hundred thousand such clubs, I'd bet my life there would be no crime, no divorce, no drug addicts, no murder—and a hell of a lot less unhappiness."

Of course, Harry Wilson's free-sex philosophy is certainly not the majority opinion. There has been an increase in permissive attitudes toward sex since the 1940's. These attitudes are reflected clearly by the increase of sexual content in movies, the subtle sexual lures of advertising, acceptance of sexual material in popular literature and a generally freer attitude toward sex in conversation. But in general, the new sexual standard endorses permissiveness *with affection*—especially among white collar workers and college graduates, if most sex studies are correct. Harry Wilson's sex-without-affection ethic is still far removed from the prevalent sexual standard in America.



That Bill and Liz Claypool owned the best guesthouse in the Virgin Islands no one questioned—that is, no one who had ever been lucky enough to stay there.

Their guesthouse, Love's Fancy, was an old Danish Manor House left fairly intact on a vast sugar plantation during the Slave Rebellion of 1733. The Claypools had restored the Manor House, furnishing it with fine Danish antiques, and around the remaining ruins Bill erected six guesthouses. In addition, he built one of the finest tennis courts in the world—having once been a contender for the Davis Cup team—and he purchased the adjoining strip of beach property to insure private swimming safe from dangerous undertows, with perfect, clear blue water for scuba diving and snorkling. He also designed and helped construct the first and largest catamaran in the Islands on which he sailed his guests to visit some of the neighboring islands.

Although Bill and Liz operated Love's Fancy on a purely professional basis, their rates were lower than those of any other guesthouse in the Islands yet offered the finest facilities. Bill, who was a millionaire, was often quoted as saying, "Sometimes the nicest people don't have much money. The prices at Love's Fancy are what they are to assure Liz and me of the company of attractive, interesting people rather than tourist slobes with big fat pocketbooks."

Not only did the guests enjoy the magnificent view and decor, but the remarkable French cuisine which, supervised by Liz, was gourmet food *par*

**SHE WAS BLOND, COOL,
AND ENDLESSLY
DESIRABLE...AND SHE
CAME TO HIS BED
WITH FRENZIED
DESIRE...**

**FOR EVERY SWEET
THE SOUR** by BRETT HOWARD

excellence. Dinner was perfectly served by native help in the formal dining room of the Manor House, following cocktails in the drawing room. After dinner the guests retired to their cottages, visited other nightspots, or wandered to the patio with its open bar that overlooked the black sea in which the star-studded sky and the tropical moon were reflected. Here, they drank heavily of rum, flirted or danced to the music of the best steel band in the Islands.

Three nights a week the patio was open to the public, but whenever the navy or the Underwater Demolition Team were in port, all of the facilities of Love's Fancy were available to the men, for Bill had seen action in the Korean War and Liz was the daughter of a famous admiral whose portrait hung over the mantle in the entrance hall.

They were quite a couple—Bill and Liz Claypool. Everyone upon meeting them felt a tinge of envy. Here were two of God's beautiful creatures—Bill, although greying, was youthful in body, tall, lean, perennially tanned, and Liz—well, Liz was something you had to see to believe. Her figure was a perfect animated symbol of sensuality and her face might have been carved by a sculptor in search of the sublime, for it was flawless. To most people groping for a description of Liz she was "a Grace Kelly with sex appeal."

In addition to their physical attributes, they were equally well endowed with worldly goods. Because of their independent fortunes, they could easily afford to run Love's Fancy as they wished and select their paying guests as one might pick house guests for a long weekend. They studied the requests for weeks before the season opened and then waited like two expectant children to see what they had drawn from the grab bag, so to speak. As they did not advertise, their guests came usually on the recommendation of former guests. To silence any complaints of the more commercially minded owners of other inns and guesthouses, Bill and Liz permitted each visitor only a single season's stay at Love's Fancy to introduce them to the Islands.

I had gone there at the suggestion of a former Naval buddy of mine who had been the commanding officer of the U.D.T. team stationed in the Islands. He looked me over after a few drinks one day at the Plaza and said, "I know just the place for you. Love's Fancy in the Virgin Islands. You'll get just what you need there."

The name intrigued me but he explained it didn't mean what I thought. Fancy was bastard English for the Spanish *finca*, meaning farm or plantation. Through the centuries it had

never been altered. And Love had been the name of the original owner.

My friend Slade knew that I was physically and mentally exhausted, having just gone through the labor pains of writing a play, working day and night until its Broadway opening, which fortunately for me had been a success. He knew I could well afford a change of scenery, an escape from a decade of hard work. Later, when he had confirmed my reservation, we met to say good-bye and he told me, "The Claypools are amazing people. You will never meet a finer guy than Bill . . . and Liz, well, Liz is an *experience*."

Like most men of his type, Slade, although he was highly intelligent, was not particularly articulate, and Liz Claypool remained somewhat enigmatic until I confronted her.

It was not she, but Bill who met me at the little airstrip and drove me in his custom-made Mercedes' station wagon to Love's Fancy.

We drove along the harbor, beautifully tucked between two mountains. Here, a few sleek yachts were anchored along side many small fishing sloops and several large two-masted schooners used for inter-island commerce. These latter types of craft, Bill explained, were native made, the hulls being constructed of hand-hewn mahogany wood.

"The best sailors in the world," said Bill, "these natives."

Then we drove past the fort, rust red with white trim, up the cobble-paved roads through the main shopping area of the town where the streets were lined with seventeenth and eighteenth-century Danish buildings with arcades over the pavements to give protection from the blazing sun. Old cannons were on the street corners or imbedded in the stone walls of the buildings. Native women in colorful costumes waddled on the streets, their heads wrapped in kerchief bandannas, passing the curious American tourists in their short shorts, loud sport shirts and ridiculous straw hats. During the entire drive, Bill often had to reduce the speed of his powerful car and proceed at a snail's pace to avoid hitting one of the many two-wheeled carts drawn by little burros rambling along the macadamized road.

I felt that I had stepped into a world apart and as I became immersed in the atmosphere of utter tranquillity that surrounded me, the rich foliage of the bougainvillea, the flamboyant trees and the yucca plants mingled with all manner of philodendron and heavily laden banana trees to make me conscious that I was in the tropics—as

did the warm, fragrant breezes.

"Trade winds," Bill informed me. "No humidity."

As we approached Love's Fancy standing like a great castle overlooking the sea, I thought that I knew why the Claypools had selected this location for their permanent home, and I was grateful to be one of their guests.

Two native boys assisted with my luggage, and I was standing, admiring the excellent taste with which my cottage had been decorated when a third boy entered, bringing me a welcoming drink. Then Bill appeared, gave me an additional key to my beach cabana and told me cocktails would be at six, dinner at seven.

He smiled his infectious smile. "We keep the evenings reasonably formal. Jacket, no tie . . ."

Following a great swim, a short nap and a cold shower, I walked into the manor house a few minutes past six. The assemblage could have been any lively cocktail party anywhere in the world. The women were interesting looking, well dressed, running an age gamut from twenty to seventy, and the men were handsome with their healthy tans, trim bodies and reasonably alert faces.

Headed toward me with welcoming hands extended was Liz Claypool. Without ever having seen her, I knew it was she.

Being a writer who had made it the hard way through sundry channels of newspaper, public relations, TV and movie script writing before I started to free lance and became the author of a hit show, I had been exposed to the charms of many beautiful women. I had interviewed hundreds, slept with many, lived with a few, but I had never met a Liz Claypool. I knew what Slade had meant when he had said "she's an experience."

Her physical beauty was breathtaking: her waffle-brown body crowned with her sun-bleached blonde hair was wrapped in a sinewy, semi-native, gold and white sheath. She wore gold-thonged sandals, and gold amulets covered her rounded arms. She was at once timeless by her dress, and her image conjured up for me Helen of Troy and other ladies of romantic legend. She was charming, irresistibly feminine, yet at the same time possessed of a certain masculine verve and strength of mind and body. She introduced me to her coterie of Island friends and other house guests, and then—rather impishly, I thought—seated me at dinner between two of the Islands' permanent residents. One, an extremely boring gentleman of great wealth, offered me the use of his library of rare books on Island legends and pirate lore which he had been collecting since his retirement. The other

was a garrulous old harridan who might have stepped out of the cast of *A School for Scandal*. She was entranced with the manner in which Liz Claypool was manipulating her guests without their being conscious of the manipulation and she focussed her squinty eyes on me and growled in her raspy voice, "Well what do you think of our Liz?"

Caught off guard, I answered like a smitten schoolboy, "She . . . she's wonderful!"

"Our own Liz. Here's to her." She winked. "Another redskin bit the dust."

I drank the toast. The old woman continued, eating as she talked, "I un-

duce those two. Look at them."

The Claypools had separated and taken two native dancing partners—Liz a lithe, graceful Negro boy, and Bill a lighter-skinned sloe-eyed, bitch-bred girl. The gyrations of the four bodies, swinging to the calypso music that makes the coldest blood tingle, were magnificent in the abandon, the almost ritualistic gestures of sexuality. But I was especially fascinated with the face of Liz. While her body was moving in the most erotic gestures I had ever witnessed, her face remained serenely calm, almost pure.

Eventually I was literally dragged to the dance floor by Liz, despite my protestations. Whether it was the mu-

just come from a set of tennis with Bill. With a slight European accent, he commented, "Great tennis player, that Bill. Put me in my place." He paused. "You were pretty terrific last night—dancing, I mean. Your first trip to the island?"

"Yes," I said, fully aware that I was blushing, not knowing whether I was being ridiculed or politely reprimanded for my behavior.

He lit his pipe. "Understand you're a writer."

I nodded, not allowing my mouth to leavy my Bloody Mary, which was restoring my sanity to the extent that I had already by sign language ordered a second.

"Interesting," he muttered. "Interesting subjects . . . you writer people, not unlike we analysts . . . always taking other people apart to see what makes them tick. Well, you should get some good material here. Look . . . right now headed our way . . ."

In our direction came two of the lady guests. One was the Countess Helga who owned a "chic" shop in Manhattan which specialized in men's accessories—ties, shirts, original cuff links and pinky-finger rings. The other was Milly Kelly, an aggressive, rather typical Madison Avenue "gal"—one of the creatures who had come into being during World War II. Until the Forties such women as Milly had been competent secretaries, but due to the shortage of manpower, it was discovered that certain jobs in advertising agencies formerly done by men at high salaries could be done efficiently by women—and at half the salary. Overnight, time buyers and space buyers in agencies became women. And these women like Milly Kelly introduced a new element to American business—sex play and counterplay. They were called the "Helen Gurley Brown creeps" and most men, like myself, fled at their approach.

"Oh no," I groaned, trying to slip from the barstool. But my reactions were too slow. I was caught, glued to the barstool.

"Well, if it isn't the famous author . . . and the dear doctor!"

They plunked their bodies, kept in good form by rigid diet and massage, onto the stools on either side of us.

"Tell me, darlink," prattled the Countess who had seated herself at my side, "did you study wit' Arthur Murray before you come here, or is it dat everybody in de theater is so clever? Liz has not stopped ravink—"

By nature I am rather diffident, at times even surly, though I have learned to put on a post of politeness. But my nerves were on edge and I was just getting ready to tell her off when Bill appeared and both of the women squealed simultaneously, "Darling . . .



derstand that woman, girl, child . . . because like me she's from Boston. She and Bill. Known them both since they were children. Like me, real Boston-born, Boston-bred Bostonians. We're a strange breed of cat, you know."

I was supposed to know what she was talking about, but to me it was Jabberwocky. I sat beside her on the patio as Liz and Bill commenced the dancing; I watched her eyes gleam. She nudged me.

"Would you believe it? Both of them born within walking distance of the Commons. But I say, some of the old Salem witches must have gotten loose somewhere along the line to pro-

sic, the setting, the consumption of booze or Liz that stimulated my sense of abandon, I will never know, but I firmly believed I was dancing with the skill of a professional.

I finally went to bed with visions of Liz goading me into further dances with obvious sexual overtones. The scent of her perfumed body permeated my room, and her deep-timbered voice sang, "Come on, Tod, swing, mon!"

The next day, like most people who have been exceedingly drunk amongst strangers, I timidly emerged from my cottage long after the breakfast hour. I went to the patio bar and ordered a Bloody Mary. One of the other guests was there having a cold beer. He had

you promised . . . scuba lessons . . ."

He smiled. I looked at him with a great sense of relief. Then I thought he looked much older than he had when I arrived. He seemed weary—not physically weary, but weary in an undefinable manner.

"At once," he replied, and his voice refuted my impression for it was charged with youthful buoyancy. He ordered a round of drinks for all, then putting his arm around my shoulder, he said, "I say, you trip a mean fantastic."

I rose waveringly. "You know, I'm certain I must have made a complete ass of myself. I apologize and take a pledge to stay off the dance floor for the rest of my visit."

"Nonsense," said Bill. "Liz would never hear of it. She has you tagged 'private property.' She hasn't stopped singing. 'I could have danced all night . . .' since she got up."

The doctor coughed and I looked at the group. They were laughing, and I didn't know whether they were laughing at me or with me. Bill and the two women finished their drinks and left. I was about to question the doctor when Liz appeared with one of the other male guests. He looked as sickly as I felt, but Liz was radiant. Smiling, she came up to me saying, "Tod . . . you absolutely divine man. But then I knew you would be. Being a friend of Slade's . . ."

When she looked at me, all of the sensations I had experienced the night before returned. Cool and immaculate in her white linen shorts and tailored white shirt, she exuded even more sex than she had the night before—but in a different way. Her long, beautiful legs were guideposts to one of the neatest asses I had ever seen, and I knew in her hips there were two natural indentations, just the right size for a pair of male hands to pull her body to him.

Bill Claypool was the world's luckiest man, I thought, and ordered another drink.

The young man, who seemed ill at ease after gulping three straight shots, asked rather brusquely, "Do you think my reservations have been confirmed?"

"I'll see," said Liz, smiling graciously. She excused herself, taking the young man's arm, "Poor Robert. He's leaving us. After just five days. It was just five days, wasn't it?"

"Four," he corrected, tersely.

"I'm sorry . . . four. But when business calls—or duty. Come . . . I'll see you off . . ." She waved. "I'll be back. Don't leave. Perhaps we can have a swim together."

The doctor started saying, "One little Indian, two . . . three little Indians, four . . . come and gone since I arrived."

I suddenly remembered the old woman's reference to Indians the night before.

"What the hell is this Indian stuff?"

The doctor laughed, rose and said: "Ten little Indians and then *you'll* know." He excused himself, "To write. And not even a potential best-seller. Just a paper for my psychoanalytical group. A sort of sex study of the sociological status of virgins in the Virgin Islands."

I watched him walk away and while the efficient bartender was mixing me another drink I sat with my bleary eyes focussed on a praying mantis poised on the roof of the bar. I had never seen one before—it really had its forelegs up as if in prayer. . .

In the next few days many things happened around me and to me. I took in the group with whom I was spending my long-needed vacation, and I realized we all had much in common. We were all single men and women on a searching party. It was the doctor who pointed out there were no married couples, no children. There were two other unmarried men who had arrived together, and who, although impeccably mannered, obviously preferred being together. The Countess whispered in my ear, "Two of the boys, you know." And the doctor commented, "Those two were a mistake!" I was not certain as to the meaning of his words.

The women fluttered around Bill, who flirted with them outrageously. He gave them thrills over and beyond their expectations. When he danced with one of the guests, she alone seemed to exist for him. He kissed each lady's hand, put his powerful arms around each one's waist, taught each one to snorkel, sail or serve a proper tennis ball.

Watching him, I thought he was acting like a damned gigolo, and I wondered why. He kept going down in my estimation, but I realized that all of the women guests and half the women who lived on the island were secretly and romantically in love with Bill Claypool.

And I was aware that I was in love with Liz—his wife.

The realization that I was falling in love—perhaps for the first time in my life—hopelessly in love with another man's wife struck me one day as I lay on the beach watching her play with a visiting group of native children. Suddenly, I saw her in a light removed from the built-in glamour she and Bill had surrounded

themselves with. I saw her as all woman, the true Earth-Mother—full of sex, yes, but also full of compassion and love for humanity. I walked to her, taking one of the lovely tykes on my knee. I watched and listened, as fascinated as the children at the age-old tale she was spinning. "Once upon a time . . ."

Suddenly her eyes met mine, and I knew that she was aware of my love—that I wanted to remove her from this castle which had entombed her.

I did not speak to her. She and the children ran gaily up the hill and I went for a long swim. When I came to the patio before dinner, a scratch-band was playing, and the area was mobbed with sailors, most of whom were half-drunk. I sat at the bar next to the doctor who was his usual somber self, puffing away on his pipe.

"What's up?"

"Smorgasbord. Fleet's in. The *Boston* dropped anchor at high noon."

The place was bedlam. The women guests were drinking and dancing frantically with the sailors, and in one isolated group I saw Liz still in her bikini, performing some of her authentic native dances for the bug-eyed, sex-starved men.

I saw their faces and was enraged. My anger must have shown, for the doctor said very quietly, "Cool it, Indian . . . you're in the Islands."

"Goddamn the Islands! Maybe that's what's wrong—"

I knocked back four or five straight shots. Liz flitted by me, walking like a whore between two husky sailors. She waved foolishly, and from the glazed look in her eye, I knew she was stoned. I started to go after her as they headed for the beach, but I felt a restraining hand on my shoulder.

"Don't let it get to you," Bill said calmly.

I hated his weak guts and wanted to punch him in the face for submitting his wife to such lurid, childish sexual shenanigans. But before I could do or say anything, he pointed to the drink on the bar.

"The booze, I mean . . . before sundown." He was quite firm, and I knew he was telling me to mind my own business. Liz was his wife. Love's Fancy was his home. If I didn't like it I could scam.

"It's hit many a man down here." And he walked away.

The doctor broke the silence, "Why don't you and I go down to a little native place I discovered and eat there and get away from this horseplay."

I agreed, and we drove off in the little Fiat he had rented.

The native bar was pleasantly quiet, occupied only by natives who were busy talking local politics or seated at

/ turn to page 73



GLORIA



Deep green eyes and a shock of tumbling dark hair almost, but not quite, succeed in shifting interest from other qualities distinctly Gloria—like five and a half feet of 140 pounds of 38-25-38 which molds into the perfect picture—*turn the page*





You will love but one
You will love but two
You will love but three
You will love...
—Southern Appalachian
folk song

I'm happily married, and Jim and I have good times in bed—but I see a tough hunk of man at the beach, or in the movies a muscular thigh is pressed up against me from the flirting college boy in the next seat—and I moisten up and just want to get playing hanky-panky over the beach-boy's body or reach over and give the college boy his ticket's worth!

"Then there's my neighbor's husband across the street. On weekends he gets outside—barechested—and pushes the lawnmower around and I watch him, all I can through my kitchen curtains. I keep thinking how exciting it would be to get in his bed. And

VARIETY IS THE SPICE

by
ROBERT BRUNO

I've even got him to look by waiting till he's outside for some reason in the evening, then I stand in the light by my window and pull off my bra and stretch around till he's noticed me. In fact, we've already got an affair of the eyes going that way. All I'd have to do is say boo and he'd be in my pants.

"What's wrong with me, doctor?"

"I like my steady girl friend and she's really great in bed—the best. I never drained so clean till I got with her. But I see a pretty piece of ass go by and I want to lay my big, hot hands on it.

"I'm dancing with my girl in a club and I keep looking over her shoulder at that great parade of variety show dancing by—every other girl looks specially stacked one end or the other, or both!

"Here I am with a young chick I really dig. I get it anytime I want it. She's crazy about me. But I hear a husky laugh from some way-out broad, or catch a flash from some blue eyes, brown eyes, black eyes, gray eyes, green eyes—and I want to try them all—really try-sexual!

"Is there something wrong? Am I a satyr or something, one of those randy old goats that wants to ram every sheep that passes in front of his nose?"

Sexologists and psychiatrists get these questions desperately thrown at them every day. And the answer is "*Nothing is wrong*. If you didn't feel that way there would be something wrong!"

As sex psychologist Albert Ellis says, "We are born with distinctly plurisexual, varietist tendencies and we actually learn, even in this Puritanical society, to be super-anti-monogamous."

Theoretically our culture tells us that we should have sex urges toward only one member of the other sex at a time—this is our Puritan heritage. But our whole upbringing in practice conditions us in the opposite direction.

Boys as they come to be men are taught by the mass media—the cover girls and the sex-saturated advertising—that any pretty girl is a desirable object for sex. And the girls are similarly conditioned—not to "cruise" for men as much as to ready themselves for marriage by enveloping themselves in an illusory atmosphere of "romance." They are provoked by the hard sell into crushes on male movie stars, popular singers—all sorts of charismatic public idols.

So in their adolescent and young adult period our people are literally trained to be highly promiscuous in their attraction to sex-love objects.

Do you suppose that suddenly upon taking the vow of marriage—also a highly touted and fictionalized institu-

tion—that they will lose these promiscuous sex desires? That after the haze of the honeymoon has lifted the man will not covet his neighbor's wife? Or the woman will not continue the highly developed promiscuous flirting—with the loins-tight jeans and the lost-button open blouse—and her surreptitious fantasizing about attractive males in her neighborhood? Especially while the mass media continue to provoke this search for sexual variety by passion-stimulating pictures and double-meaning advertising copy?

On the one hand we have long-established traditions with power of old authority telling us to "love but one." Religions exalt the hallowed and sanctified bonds of monogamy. Classic novels and poems praise the steadfast love of the lifelong romance with the one chosen mate.

Yet all around us the world is throbbing with aphrodisiacs of an unprecedented energy. The earth in the throes of the newest sex revolution seems to be turning on another pole—a phallic one!

We have two powerful and contradictory drives impelling us at one and the same time in opposite directions. No wonder ours is characterized as a schizophrenic society!

Traditional religion urges us to resolve this dilemma by a rigid and arbitrary monogamy. Most stringently applied, this dogma would preclude premarital sex altogether and require lifelong monogamy, with adultery, of course, considered a damnable sin. Sex for nonpropagative purposes is condemned by some sects even within the marriage relation.

But secular and liberalized religious views take a more relaxed position regarding all of these aspects. From the welter of discussion two main lines of force come clear. One is to strengthen monogamy by will, character, understanding. Chief champion of this concept is Denis de Rougemont, the French theorist who authored the classic projection of this view in his book *Love in the Western World*.

The other, more radical concept is that offered by Bertrand Russell as early as 1929 in his classic statement, *Marriage and Morals*. Russell is perhaps better known today as a leading mathematician and vigorous pacifist. But he structured a transformation of marriage that is just now seizing the imagination of many people who are struggling with the matrimonial dilemma.

Typically wry and penetrating, Russell pointed out that a hundred years ago the sexual revolution of that time sought to win the right to marry for romantic love—instead of by family fiat for social and economic advantage. "Love" was to take the place of parental choice—and poetry, novels, plays

fought out the theoretical and psychological battles.

The result was less fortunate than anticipated, Russell concluded, because Puritan sex taboos meant that young people, in the daze of romantic illusion, would marry without previous sexual knowledge of each other. Of course, disillusion was inevitable, and instead of the blissful marriage state the romantic sex revolution intended to bring, matrimonial chaos was created.

"In America," wrote Russell, "where the romantic view of marriage has been taken more seriously than anywhere else, and where law and custom alike are based upon the dreams of spinsters, the result has been an extreme prevalence of divorce and an extreme rarity of happy marriages."

Russell therefore put his brain to the wheel to get the new sex revolution turning. It is just getting into high gear today, forty years after the appearance of his book.

First Russell had to get across his belief that a human being's true Garden of Eden seems to be the pastures on the other side that look greener. Here is his own well-phrased way of putting it:

I think that uninhibited civilized people, whether men or women, are generally polygamous in their instincts. They may fall deeply in love and be for some years entirely absorbed in one person, but sooner or later sexual familiarity dulls the edge of passion, and then they begin to look elsewhere for a revival of the old thrill.

When men ran things, they kept the women pretty much monogamous, even if they had to resort to chastity belts or at least "moral" restraints. But now that the girls are unshackled, how you going to keep them down on the matrimonial farm?

Russell believes that rigidly monogamous marriage today is very difficult. And to be faithful by "duty" he says causes a "policeman's outlook on the whole of human life" with no love that is free and spontaneous. To give marriage up altogether is unworkable because of children and the infinitely precious companionship of lifelong relations.

The Bertrand Russell solution, then, tries to steer between deep desires for variety of sex partners and the values of long-shared experiences in marriage. He suggests a *mellowing of marriage*. Married couples should have developed so deep a tie that their relation can override an occasional sexual passion for someone else.

What emotion rises in the average man at the thought of his wife having

extramarital relations? The green-eyed god of jealousy. And the same for the woman still in love with her husband.

What happens when an immovable object, monogamous marriage, encounters an irresistible force, passion for a stranger?

set aside the desire, the thought that is "parent to the deed"?

Russell cuts this damnable dilemma with his "mellow marriage." Given deep intimacy of the married couple and the further condition of no interference with mutual freedom for out-

Each party should be able to put up with temporary indulgences in extramarital sex—provided the underlying affection remains intact. The assumption in a monogamous country is a false one, says Russell, that attraction to one person cannot coexist with a serious affection for another. Everybody knows this is not true, but green-eyed jealousy demands that it be.

What to do about jealousy, then? The idea is to trade an unworkable and undesirable duty—sexual conjugal fidelity—for another duty: the duty of controlling jealousy. "The good life cannot be lived without self-control," says Russell, "but it is better to control a restrictive and hostile emotion such as jealousy, rather than a generous and expansive emotion such as love."

How does this world-famous mathematician come to such a radical idea as the "mellow marriage?" People set up relations with others in a sort of social contract. Citizenship is such a contract—you get privileges but you must obey some rules. You give up some freedoms to get some. Usually the rules are to keep you from interfering with the freedom of others.

This is the crux of human relation for Russell: you must not interfere with the freedom of others. Masculine jealousy interferes with the wife's freedom to take a lover now and then. It's as simple as that!

Of course, when young lovers marry they do not plan for infidelity—usually. But the word Russell chooses to name his new flexible marriage is the key—mellow. The marriage is to mellow into a relaxation of fidelity as the early mutual sexual passion "decays." As *both* partners, man and woman, begin to look to greener pastures for that old thrill, each loosens the sexual reins upon the other. Then, instead of being shackled in hate, they have a warm compassionate sharing of each other's newest extramarital sexual affair.

Russell emerges as the Great Emancipator of the stale couple in matrimonial bondage—that dismal state of which the poet Shelley wrote:

*With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go."*

To close your mind against all approaches of love from outside marriage is to lose much warm human contact.

With such fidelity to humanism and the value of love in Russell's formulation, maybe the word "infidelity" is not right at all for the sexual variety encouraged in the mellow marriage.

After all in such a considerate relationship, each partner is truly faithful to the other—in his fashion!



*Never seek to tell thy love
Love which never told should be.*

*A stranger came. Silently, secretly,
He took her with a sigh.*

—William Blake

Adultery happens, jealousy happens, misery happens unless there is enough will to set aside the passion, as de Rougemont proposes. But can one

side love—then such a mellow marriage is "the best and most important relation that can exist between two human beings."

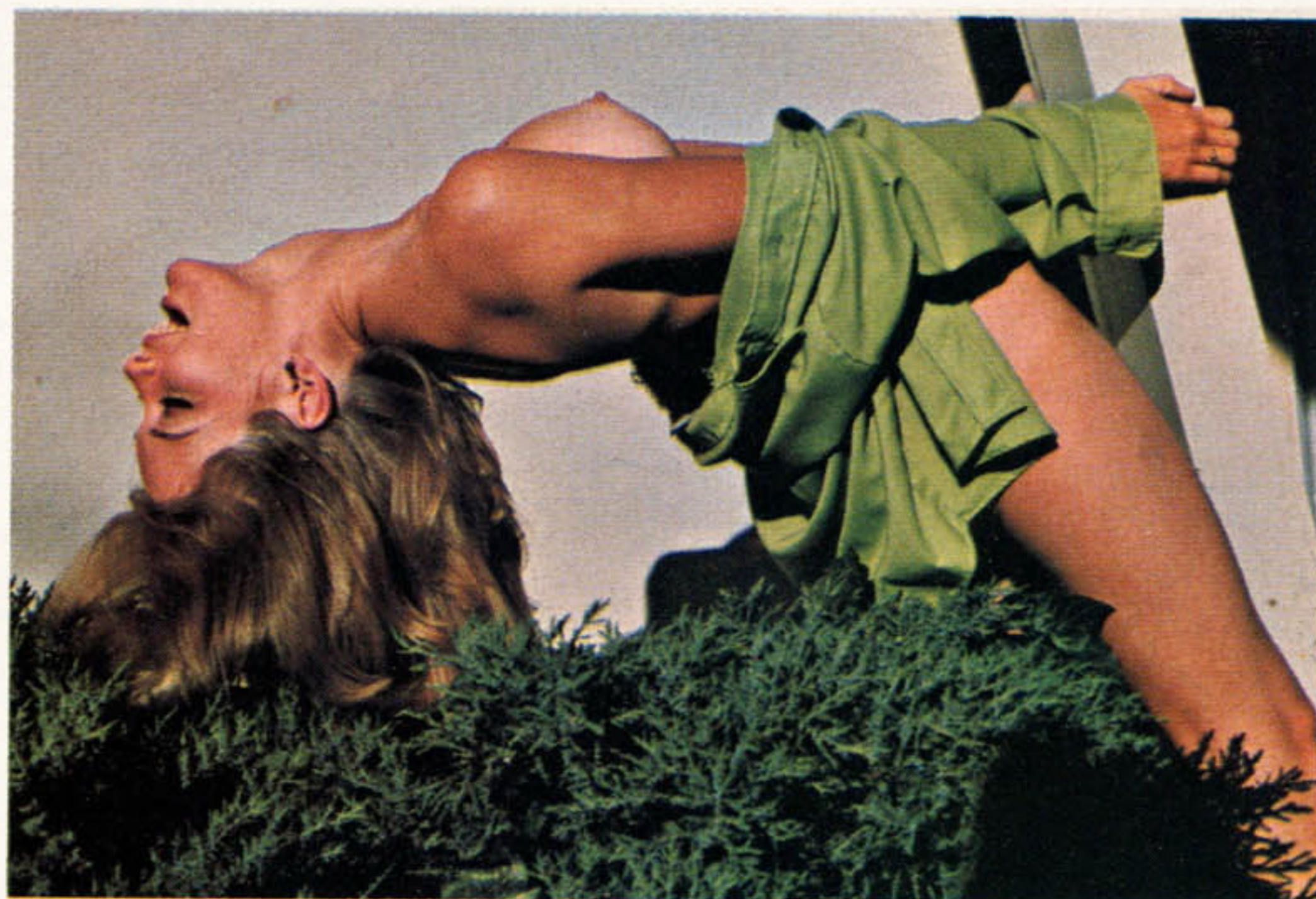
Russell says that most marriages are not "mellow" today because "husband and wife have regarded themselves as each other's policeman." If marriage is to mellow and flourish, husbands and wives though married under law must in their private lives be completely free.



MARTIE



Wild . . . **WILD** . . . *WILD*
best describes our Martie who
throws her luscious 35-23-35
about . . . provocatively.
She's from Louisiana and
wants to be a fashion model,
but it would be a pity to
cover her with mere
clothes, wouldn't it?





Better to swallow Martie in flowers of the field, or drench her in cold clear water and then warm her up a bit by the fireplace. Whatever, however, whenever, Martie suits the mood, the time, the place. As you can plainly see, she even has her own suggestions!





SINGLES BAR

from page 17

circumspectly. But I still think Harry would be a hell of a lot happier and less frustrated if he tried the direct approach. If that didn't work, he could grab old Janice by the hair and take her to a dark corner. She'd love it.

But ironically, it's my job—or rather it *was* my job to see that things like that didn't happen.

"Honey's" is a bar on First Avenue in New York City which caters to single people. It's owned, logically enough, by a woman named Honey, who started off with three Tiffany lampshades, four used meat-cutting blocks, a box of sawdust, \$5,000 and a city full of young, sex-starved office workers.

Back in 1966 when I started working for her, Honey was thirty-three years old, with bright, blonde hair and a size ten body that was hard as a rock. One night at a party away from the bar (at which she allowed me to drink) I started feeling Honey up. She liked it; she was on the make almost every night for some stud who didn't have ink stains on his hands and a hangup guiding his life; I happened to fill her spot that night.

But there was something about Honey, eager and willing as she was, that turned me off. I finally figured out what it was: she didn't give—in the literal sense of the word. Even with my hand down her dress, or up it, her flesh didn't really move. It was like she was encased in steel. I know that sounds ridiculous, but the next morning my pecker was so bruised, I had to soak it in epsom salts. Man, that feels good! But I'm getting ahead of myself.

I went to work for Honey after answering a newspaper ad. She worded it something like this: "Assistant manager needed for new singles night spot. Good salary; flexible hours. No fags." It sounded good, so I high-tailed it to the address listed up on First Avenue and then stood around for an hour with twenty other guys, waiting for Honey to show.

I saw a couple of friends there. You know, other would-be writers, would-be actors, would-be a lot of things. They were all, like me, looking for something that wouldn't "take up their daytime hours." During the day you go to agents' offices or write the great American dirty novel or just sit in a drug store or coffee shop somewhere with a lot of other people like yourself, waiting for something to come along.

When Honey finally swept in, the first thing she said was, "Everybody under six feet or over six feet three, go home." Nobody moved. Then she add-

ed, "I mean it. If you waste my time, you'll wish you hadn't." Still nobody moved. Then Honey started down the line, just like a drill instructor. "You're too tall," she said to one. "Move!"

"Can't handle pimples," she said to somebody else. "Move!"

"Too short."

"Too fat."

"Too skinny."

When she finished her elimination process, there were four of us left. Honey stood in front of us with her hands on her hips. We bunched together, more for protection than anything else. "What do you all do?" she asked.

"I'm an actor."

ple, actors."

With that the three other guys sheepishly backed out of the bar. I felt halfway sorry for them, but, hell, I don't particularly like actors either.

After everybody else was gone, she looked me up and down. "You really a writer, or are you a bum?"

"I'm a bum who's writing."

She let out a trumpet charge of laughter that lasted for three seconds. Then she dropped to her hard, deadpan expression.

"The pay is a hundred and a quarter a week. Hours from six to two, six nights a week . . ."

"I thought the hours were flexible."



"Not letting your six-shooter get rusty are you, cowboy?"

"I'm an actor."

"I'm an actor."

"I'm a writer." Well, at least I was different!

"What are you writing," she asked me. "A novel?"

"No, ma'am," I answered. "A play."

She winced at the "ma'am," but continued. "How far into it are you?"

"Still on act one."

"Figure it'll take you another six months to finish up?" she asked. I nodded. "Okay then, you sign an agreement to stay with me six months and you've got the job. Sorry about the rest of you, but I don't like actors. My husband was an actor. Lousy peo-

"They are," she answered. "Except for six to two, six nights a week, you can do anything you damned well please."

"Yeah, but . . ."

"Listen, buster. You ought to be glad to be off the streets." Then she softened. "As soon as I get the place going, there'll be a raise for you. A healthy one. And we'll see about sparing you one of those nights after we see how things work out. Okay?"

For that short time she was speaking she seemed to need me—one quality in a woman that I'm a sucker for—so I agreed.

"Your job is to look nice," she continued, dropping that "I need you"

look faster than a two-bit whore drops her pants. "Pay attention to the broads who come in here and don't have anybody else lookin' at 'em. When somebody else does start lookin', you get out of the picture fast. You understand?"

I nodded.

"... and if anybody starts getting cute, you take care of them. I'm taking it for granted that you can handle yourself..."

I nodded again.

"And if I see you take just *one* drink, your ass is out on the street."

"Even beer?" I asked.

"Even beer. The barkeep will have something for you so you'll have a glass in your hand."

She turned to leave. "I supply your clothes. See you at six o'clock, shaved, showered and hair combed. And bring a note with your name, address and social security number on it." With that she headed for her office in a back room. She had given me a job, and we didn't even know each other's names.

At six o'clock, I was back, showered, shaved, shitted and hair combed. I had also put on a good dose of after shave cologne.

"You smell like a dirty snatch," Honey said as soon as I walked in the door.

"How would you know?" I asked. Again that trumpet charge of a laugh—for exactly three seconds. She sounded like an insincere Phyllis Diller.

"Here's a key to locker number four," she said. "You'll find your clothes in there. Try to keep neat."

She pointed to the steps that led to the basement, and I headed down. Three other guys were already there. Two bartenders and the one waiter. "You the new assistant manager?" one of them asked, laughing.

When I didn't answer, another stuck his few cents worth in. "You sure got screwed. You'll do most of the work and take home a lot less than we do." That was one of the bartenders, who sounded like a window dresser.

"How do you figure that?"

"Man, do you know how much a guy will tip somebody who does a little pimping for him? Just setting him up at the right table means about an extra buck or two. And this place swings all night."

"So why can't I set up a few tables?"

"You'll be at the door most of the night, checking ID's, or else hustling the scratched tail," the bartender explained. "You won't have time to be settin' anything up."

"We'll see," I said, cocksure that I'd find my niche.

Honey officially opened the bar at eight o'clock. Nobody showed up until nine. That's part of the formula. If you're earlier, it shows you're too eager. But right at the stroke of nine, as if they had been waiting around the corner for Big Ben to strike, the customers started to arrive.

"Anybody who doesn't look like they're ready for medicare, you check their ID's," Honey explained as she set me up near the door. "I'll be in the back booth if you got any problems."

Actually the bar didn't look half bad in the dark. During the day, like when I applied, it somehow didn't come off. It looked like a jazzy butcher shop. But after the sun dropped out of sight and the Tiffany lampshades were turned on, the meat blocks somehow managed to look like a bar and the sawdust made you want to dance. The place was just dark enough to make everybody look good and still light enough to make sure you were hustling the right sex.

But that really wasn't much of a problem. Back in '66, the men were still wearing their Brooks Brothers Ivy League—with maybe one or two daring souls wearing a scarf instead of a tie—and the girls wore those knee-length dresses that, frankly, on most of them looked better than the loincloths they try to stretch across their vital parts today.

Ninety-five percent of the girls had a crease across their backsides from sitting too long in secretarial chairs. But that was their problem.

The clothes Honey supplied were damned near embarrassing. The shirts pulled over your head, with buttons going halfway down your chest—except there weren't any buttons. Long sleeves, cuff links, a vest and a pair of tight, black trousers. I felt like a ballet dancer. And the pants she gave me the first night were a size too small, so I traded them with the rum-dumb waiter, who was a hell of a lot bigger than I was but who explained that he was "on the make" for a little after-work quail, and tight pants helped.

I shrugged my shoulders and traded.

The nine o'clock crowd was usually quiet. This was their first stop and most had had nothing to drink, except maybe a little wine with their dinner. They ordered their drinks, tried to adjust their eyes to the lack of light and surveyed what looked good in the room.

There are a couple of approaches in a singles bar. One is to remain aloof, saying nothing to nobody, and usually

going home alone after spending the night and money to become frustrated. If a guy acted like this we left him alone, but if a girl tried that scene we at least made an attempt to turn her on. That was part of my job.

A second approach is the hip, with-it scene. This involves getting a drink in your hand and going up to the best-looking girl in the room and saying something inane like, "I work for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, but I don't like it." This type also usually goes home alone.

Then on the other end of the stick is the gal or man who gets his drink (that's always the first thing—to get the security of that drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other) and sort of leans back against the bar and says—sometimes with, sometimes without saying the actual words—"I'm yours." This approach would work—at a gang bang.

Lastly is the only effective approach. When you come in either with a buddy or by yourself, you get the drink and then look for a "group." That's four or five people of mixed sexes who are singing and laughing and generally having a good time. Join up. They'll usually welcome you. After all, you're all there to meet people. Don't hog the conversation and don't make like Jerry Lewis. Stay on the quiet side until you've met and spoken to a couple of the people in the group. Then come on with a good joke. I repeat, a *good* joke. If you don't have a good one, or if you're the type who can't tell jokes, steer clear of that come-on. They'll only think you're a jerk.

But suppose that you do have a good, half-dirty joke. Tell it low, so only one or two people who are immediately around you can hear. When they laugh, and hopefully they will, the others will ask what's funny. So you're the center of attention for a couple of seconds.

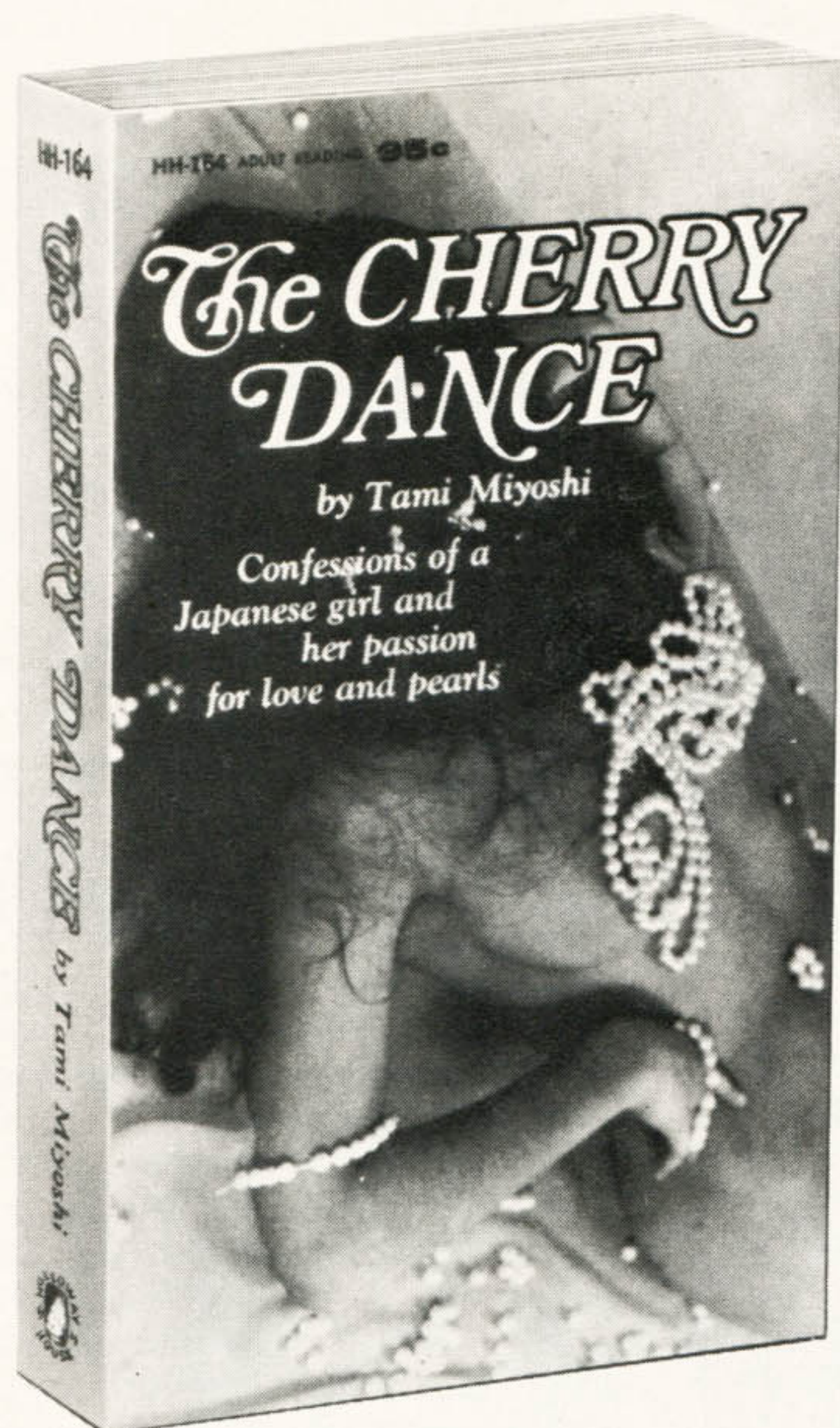
Then start aiming for someone in particular. But play it cool; if you're a Boris Karloff type, look for a Jane Withers not a Raquel Welch. Remember, you can always turn the lights off, or throw a flag over her face when you get back to your apartment.

But that's enough advice. Hell, everybody has to work it their own way. I've seen guys obnoxious enough to make concentration camps acceptable who walked out with a great-looking piece of woman on their arms. Who knows?

As I've said, the nine o'clock crowd is quiet, and surprisingly enough, there aren't many wallflowers. The nine o'clockers are usually the pros; they know how to act, how to get up close to something nice.

Then come the eleven o'clockers. These are the girls who wish they were

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hookers but don't have the guts and the guys who three hours earlier ate a can of soup heated on a hot plate and then sprayed some underarm deodorant on a shirt they've been wearing for three days. They are ready! Mostly they're high, too. That's a bad combination. When slob meets slob, things usually get sloppy. (Write that one in your book for posterity, fans.) By this time the nine o'clockers have taken off for another place, or for somebody's apartment. The eleven o'clockers take over with old college limericks, dirty of course, shouted at the top of their voices—and wine flows. Cheap wine.

This group is made up almost entirely of Zazu Pittses and Wallace Beerys, who in turn are looking for Tyrone Powers and Virna Lisis. At least they drink plenty and are usually out of the place by one o'clock, leaving behind them such timeless phrases as, "Where did you find all these slob?"

The desperate crew is next. They are the evening's losers. They haven't found anybody yet and are making one last stab before the bars close at two a.m. and they're forced to go home and use their right hands—or a banana. Fifty percent of them are the aloof type.

The following is a typical conversation I've had with thousands of these aloof types—female version:

Me: You look lonely.

She: Not really. Sometimes I prefer to be alone.

Me: You always go to bars when you want to be alone?

She: (usually smiling, coldly) I'm just tired, I guess.

Me: Want to go over by the piano? (I was never good with the small talk.)

She: Too noisy.

Me: Dance?

She: No.

You notice how the sentences get shorter. This broad isn't helping at all; she's like talking to a pet sheep.

Me: Nice place.

She: You have to like it.

Long silence.

Me: I get off at two. You interested in stopping by my place?

Some here get bitchy and say something like, "How much will it cost?" Those I drop right away—you know you're not going to get a cent out of them. Most say, "No, thank you," and get huffy; the rest you have to calm down before they put their hands in your pants.

Then there are the guys, who usually have been in several times without scoring. They think since I work there that I'm on to all the tail that's floating around. They walk up and palm a

five spot in my hand and say, "I sure could use a little help with that blonde number who just went into the john."

After pocketing the fiver, I wait until the blonde comes out of the john, take the joker by the arm and lead him over. We stop right in front of her, and I say something like, "My friend here would like to meet you." That's all. I walk away. For that he paid five bucks.

That's the way it went for six months. Honey sitting in her booth and watching everything going on like a Jewish mother. Me feeling like a combination pimp and baby sitter. Johnny the waiter making a fortune lining up numbers. The bartenders raking in about three hundred a week just on tips from the creeps who are trying to make an impression.

I got my raise but not the extra night off. I was making good money, but my play was still in the first act. Nookie had been readily available, with either "clients" or with Honey if I got desperate enough. But at the end of my contract (contract?) I told Honey I'd be leaving.


"I thought you would," she said sadly. "Everybody always does. Stop around when you're in the neighborhood."

I did, the last time I was in New York. But "Honey's" isn't "Honey's" anymore, except for the name. I got the news when I ran into Johnny on the street. One night, about a month after I quit, Honey was visited by two Mafia hoods. One laid a quarter on the table in front of her and said, "Your business isn't worth that without us." Nice come-on, huh? Honey looked at them and calmly said, "Fuck you." They walked out then, but they were back.

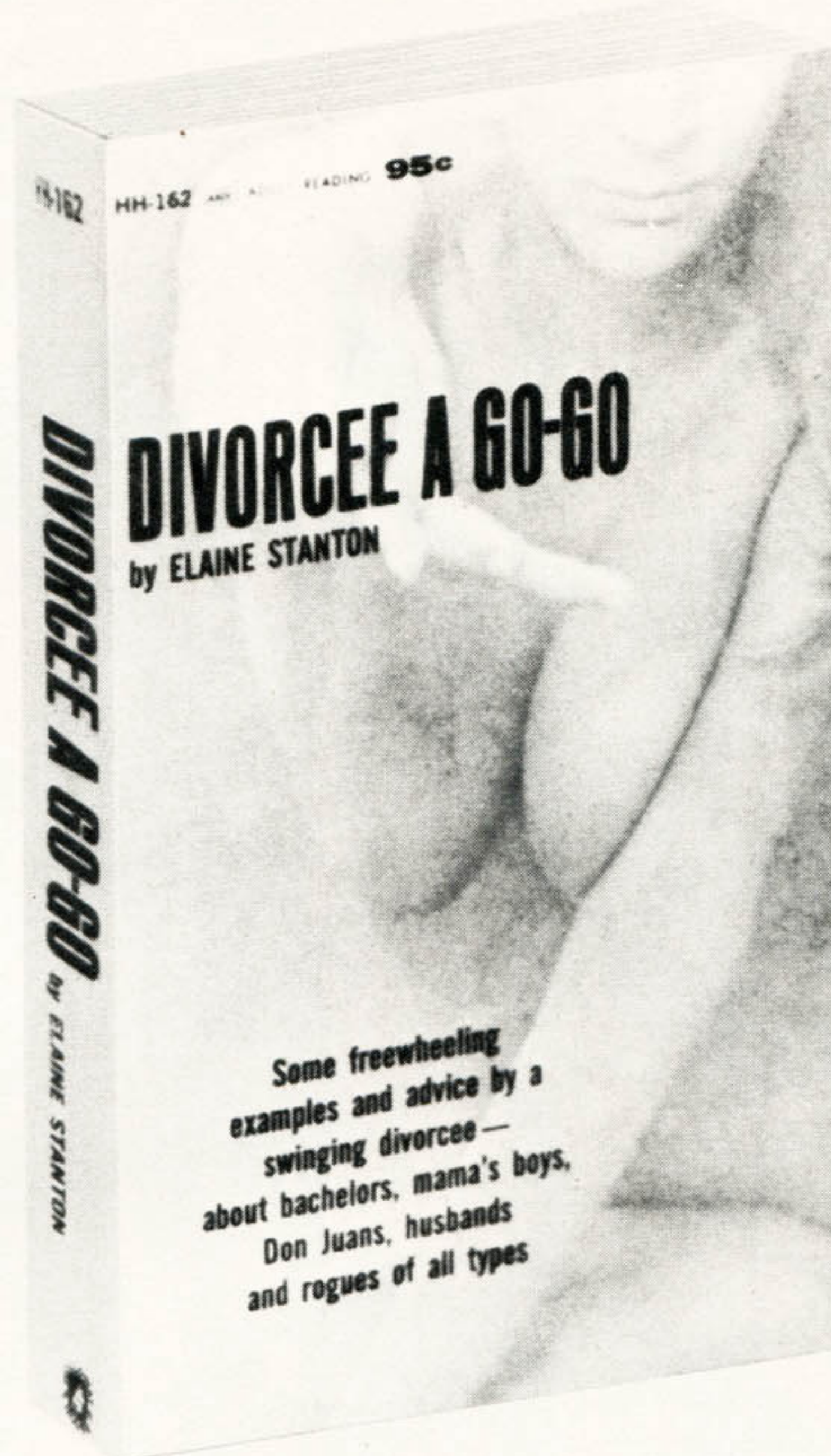
Every night a couple of tough boys came to partake of the festivities. Every night one of them started beating up on one of the customers or mauling one of the girls. Pretty soon there weren't any more customers. The guy who took over my job ended up in the hospital spitting teeth for a week. Honey finally gave up and sold the place to a Mafia front man.

But the place isn't the same. Hookers operate openly; cops stop by periodically for a little "keep quiet" money—the whole schmeer.

Seems funny, though. The Mafia, smart and tough as they are, just don't seem to be able to cash in on the basic needs of the community. Guys won't stop in a hooker bar; they want it free, especially in a city where it's so available. All you have to do is give them a decent place and a little help, and they'll make a fortune for you.

Maybe I ought to join the Mafia. 

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Anthony DiGiovanni found his life work quite by accident one day when he was fourteen years old. . . . The night before he had mugged a policewoman in disguise and barely escaped. Shivering with hate and cold, he crouched until dawn in the darkness of the alley before daring to slip into the tenement where he lived with his uncle and the woman. He skipped school that day to drowse on the roof in the thin warmth of early spring. The woman who lived with his uncle found him there. . . . The woman wore an orange-red coat. As she stood before him talking with soft shrillness, a sudden hard wisdom came to Anthony DiGiovanni. Girls had come to him with that hungry look since he was twelve, but this was the first woman. He yawned and closed his eyes. . . . "I got something for you downstairs," she said at last. "Honest." . . . In the bedroom she let the orange-red coat fall, offering her thin used nakedness. He let her abjectly kiss him. Then, obeying the hard new wisdom, he turned as if to go. . . . "Please," she said. "I'll go crazy. I'm real good."

KINDLY DEED OF TONY JOHNS

by JAMES WILLIAMS

*Who would dream that softheartedness could be
synonymous with man's greatest fear?*

*Tony Johns didn't...and lost his tool for fame,
money, success...and love...*

"I can get plenty girls," Anthony said. "Young ones." She cringed.

"Your uncle, he give me six dollars for grocery money," she bargained. "I can pretend I lost it. But please. I'll go crazy."

Anthony DiGiovanni hesitated. Then he lay down on the crumpled bed.

Late that night the woman came to where he slept in a hallway on a surplus army cot, her face loose and foolish with desire.

"He hit me but I wouldn't let him, after you," she whispered. "So can I come in? I know something real nice to get you tomorrow, so can I?" He was kind and she went away at dawn, exulting.

That day Miss Dooney kept him after school. Always before he had feared Miss Dooney, a thick stump of a woman with dust-colored hair and tight mouth. But now he came to her desk and stood close, the swell of his young thigh just brushing her arm. Her hand went to the top of her chaste blouse, and he knew again the cold black joy of certainty.

"Yes, Anthony?" she asked in her harsh voice.

"You said you'd help me nights if I needed it to pass. Will you?"

"That was last year before . . . I'm very busy."

He nodded and walked toward the door; now, he thought, now she'll call.

"Anthony." He did not turn. "Anthony!" He turned. Miss Dooney was standing. "I'll be glad to help you," she said rapidly.

"If you don't want to, it's all right. I can ask . . ."

"I do," she said harshly. "I do."

That night, after Miss Dooney had fallen heavily asleep beside him, Anthony DiGiovanni slid from her bed and went to the bathroom. In the full-length mirror, slowly as though it were a stranger, he inspected the long tapering wedge of body, the proud high head, the flaunting young masculinity. He smiled a pleased boy's smile.

"Geez," he said aloud. "Geez, I'm a good looking guy."

Back in bed he wakened Miss Dooney. When she was mad with need, testing the breadth and width of his new wisdom, he twisted her arm until she cried out.

"Keep your hands off," he ordered. "I'll let you know when."

"Yes, Anthony," she grovelled. "Yes, my lovely one, my man-child, my master." Miss Dooney taught English Literature.

Seven months later, when he got the TV studio ushering job, he moved

out of her apartment. When she pleaded, he looked at her naked unloveliness and laughed, and then she let him go. He heard later she was in an accident, or fell or something, and died. He didn't let it bother him much. He didn't owe Miss Dooney a goddamned thing.

The woman who had lived with his uncle troubled him more. When the police picked her up the last time, she had three men's sport jackets under the orange-red coat; it was a third offense. Tony Johns—Anthony DiGiovanni had shucked off the unwieldy wop name by then—felt real bad about it. He felt somehow he owed her something. He always meant to go visit her in prison.

The new apartment was too expensive, and Tony Johns was up to his ass in other bills. He didn't let it worry him too much. If the "Let's Make a Date!" MC job came through, he'd be wiping himself on twenty dollar bills. If not, he'd look around for somebody to pick up the tab.

He mixed the daiquiris and, smiling, brought them to the huge couch fronting on the glass-faced drop to the street twenty stories below. He handed one drink to the woman and sat down a careful three feet away.

The woman was neither lovely nor rich. For Tony Johns, at this point in time, she was better. She was Elizabeth Van Rie, the entertainment columnist. She had shafted him good in her column, so he had asked her up for a drink, promising a small beat on the bizarre interests of a bright new associate producer. She had the reputation of being a card-carrying lesbian, so he was being very careful with the charm.

"Go ahead, Miss Van Rie," he said. "You started to say something."

"You read the column," she said in her metallic voice. She was a thin, straight-backed woman—gray, not unattractive in her sexless style; ageless, perhaps thirty, perhaps forty.

Tony Johns nodded.

"You wrote I was the twenty-four-year-old television personality most likely to succeed with the least talent. You called me 'the night sweat of every unsought virgin and unfulfilled wife in the Greater New York area.' You said there was a danger of me going national on the 'Let's Make a Date!' TV program. And you said the most vicious thing you could add was that Tony Johns and 'Let's Make a Date!' deserved each other."

He smiled, groping for a clue.

"Yes," he said. "I read it."

"You take a punch well," she said. "I don't actually blame you for hating

my guts." She smiled tightly. "And you do."

And he had the key.

"I don't hate your guts," Tony said. "I do think you're one of those sweaty unsought virgins you wrote about. I don't think you came up here to interview me at all. I think you heard about me in bed and wanted to get laid and then lost your guts. Shall we go to bed, Miss Van Rie?"

She set down the daiquiri carefully.

"You just cut your balls off in television, you know," she said. "I can fix it so you can't get a job sweeping out a studio privy."

"Or you could help me. For which I would be grateful."

Reluctantly, she stood and faced him.

"What they say," she said tonelessly. "It's true. I'm queer as hell. I've tried with a dozen guys, and it was a disaster. I can't take that again, and my goddamned psychiatrist keeps saying to learn to accept myself. Do you still want to have a go at it, Tony Johns?"

He nodded, waiting.

"All right," she said, voice shrilling metallically. "Kiss me or something, damn you." He waited. Slowly her proud gaunt shoulders sagged. She knelt and leaned her gray head against his thigh.

"Please," she said. "Oh, please."

Even with Elizabeth Van Rie helping him, Tony Johns didn't get the "Let's Have a Date!" show on a permanent basis. Instead, he was alternated with Davy Ryerson as MC, and Davy was very good—a homey, gay young man with a great comedy talent.

"Did you do as I said and swing a meeting with Jack Carruthers, the sponsor?" Elizabeth asked. Tony shook his head. They were in his bed and he was beat. Elizabeth kept trying to make up for all the wasted years at once.

"You've got to get to Carruthers," Elizabeth said, her hard eyes fixed on the ceiling. "Even better, to Prudence, his wife." Tony laughed and Elizabeth frowned. "It's not funny. He thinks she's the fruit of the ages on all things female, so he listens when she has an opinion. And she always does. She's a cold bitch."

"So were you, and now look," Tony said, running his hand down her thin spine. "Prudence! God!"

"Don't," she said. "When you do that all I can think of is getting laid." She looked at him in cold adoration.

"Don't let the name fool you. Prudence is quite a dish, in an icy New England Traditional way. You're not

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her type—she likes the overeducated and understated in men. I think I can wangle you an invitation to their place on the Cape. And remember—he's the Republican who backed Roosevelt in 1936, and she won't roll over on her back if you look at her with those boyish black eyes." Elizabeth laughed harshly and reached for him with thin, dry hands.

"But I will, Tony Johns . . . I'll roll—Tony!"

The Carruthers scared the hell out of Tony Johns. Mr. Carruthers was silent, ailing; it was hard to keep remembering his power to give or destroy. After dinner he excused himself and went to his room.

Now, alone in the vast dark library with Mrs. Carruthers, Tony felt his face bead with sweat. Nothing before had prepared him for this—the show-girl tits stretching dowdy clothes that could have belonged to Mr. Carruthers' first wife, the cool scorn, the neat librarian's face and the full thick lips—these conflicting things, and the knowledge that in her reflected power she could crush Tony Johns like a bug between those strong white fingers.

She sat, straight-backed in the straight-backed chair, facing him.

"I confess I have never looked at your television program, Mr. Johns. What is it called again?"

"Let's Have a Date!"

She repeated it, making it sound even louder and cheaper than it was.

"Yeah. Yes. You see, Mrs. Carruthers, it's a daytime half-hour show, five days a week. And like each woman who comes in the audience gets a number, and at the end one is picked for winner and she gets to have a date with the MC. And all through the program the MC talks it up about what the date might be. Like one time it will be a big restaurant. Or a new nightclub. Once it was just a walk in Central Park with a bag of popcorn and the cops along against muggers. A gag, see?"

He stopped. God, it sounded awful. Only it wasn't awful. It was everything he had sweated his guts out to reach up to.

Mrs. Carruthers nodded.

"And this sells detergents for my husband," she said, shafting him. He nodded, taking it. "And you, Mr. Johns—let's be candid—are competing for the master of ceremonies job." He nodded, waiting, enduring.

"I saw Davy Ryerson in New York recently," Mrs. Carruthers said. "I found him very talented." She smiled courteously. "Tell me, Mr. Johns, precisely what is it that you do? Do you sing? Dance? Tell funny stories?" She

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paused. "What exactly is it that you do?" Her smile became amused. "Or do you just stand before the camera, looking beautiful?"

Tony Johns' answering smile was full of hate and fear.

"What is it exactly that you do, Mr. Johns?" she asked again with merciless interest.

He had to get out of here—that or start to cry, or maybe kill this god-damned big-chested pig in her Florida-dora costume. He stood abruptly and looked down at her. Her strong white hand went to the top of her chaste gown, and he knew the sudden cold joy of discovery. It was the same under there after all. Just the accent was different.

"It's hard to explain to somebody like you, Mrs. Carruthers," he said, the thrust of his thigh just brushing her arm as he turned. "See, your husband wants to sell something to maybe ten million women, and all they do for kicks is watch TV." He paused, weighing. "Watch TV and go to bed with potbellied guys who never had any zing to start with. So these ten million women look at 'Let's Have a Date!' and see me and..."

"And feel, vicariously, all that beautiful vulgarity coming down upon them," she said, disgust written on her tight librarian's face. She looked up at him. Her thin smile faded.

"You wouldn't dare," she said, and it was neither question nor statement.

He let her stand, then slapped her face. Her clawing hand sought his eyes, and he hit her in the groin. She went to her knees, face vacant with surprise, mouth open in a soundless scream.

Without haste or pleasure, he brutally took her on the floor. At first she fought, then submitted silently. At last he stood, breathing heavily. Now, the dark wisdom told him; now she would reach up to him.

Instead, her full bruised body passive, she inspected him without expression.

"Unless you plan to rape me again, Mr. Johns, please leave this house."

Tony Johns fled in panic back to New York. Like a child looking out at a threatening world, he bolted the door of his apartment, drank himself sodden. From time to time a shudder racked him. He looked down twenty stories to the street, then came away to drink still more.

The phone rang. It rang and rang. At last he answered.

"Mr. Johns?" The voice of Mrs. Carruthers was calm and cool. "My husband was concerned to learn you had become ill and had gone back to New York. We both hope it is nothing serious."

Deep black joy flooded him. "Is he there with you now?" Tony asked.

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"Yes, Yes, indeed."

"Can he hear me?"

"No."

All right," Tony Johns said. "Here's what you do. Find some excuse and come down tomorrow morning—you can get the address from my agent or Elizabeth Van Rie. I'll leave the door open. Just come on in."

There was silence, and he wondered if he had gone too far too fast in debasing her.

"I think that would be splendid," Mrs. Carruthers said at last in her calm even voice. "Thank you so much, Mr. Johns. Goodnight."

Tony Johns hung up and gave a drunken shout of joy. He had it made. He, by God, had it made. He poured another long drink and drank a toast to himself. He was drunk, and never before had he permitted himself the luxury of drunkenness. But now he didn't give a goddamn because now he had the world by the crotch. Tomorrow—tomorrow after he'd shown Mrs. Carruthers just how good things could be—he'd think of some way to brush off Elizabeth. It would be nice to have a woman with some juice for a change.

When the bell rang a half-hour later, he had trouble unlocking the door.

"Yeah?" he asked the thin gray woman standing there. "Yes?"

"You wouldn't remember," she half-whispered, blinking. "I don't want to bother you. I stopped a couple other times. You were out. It's just I used to know you. When you lived with your uncle, back then."

"My God!" Tony Johns said. "You." A drunken twinge of pity touched and pleased him. He could afford to be a class guy now. He reached for his wallet; she shook her head and stepped back.

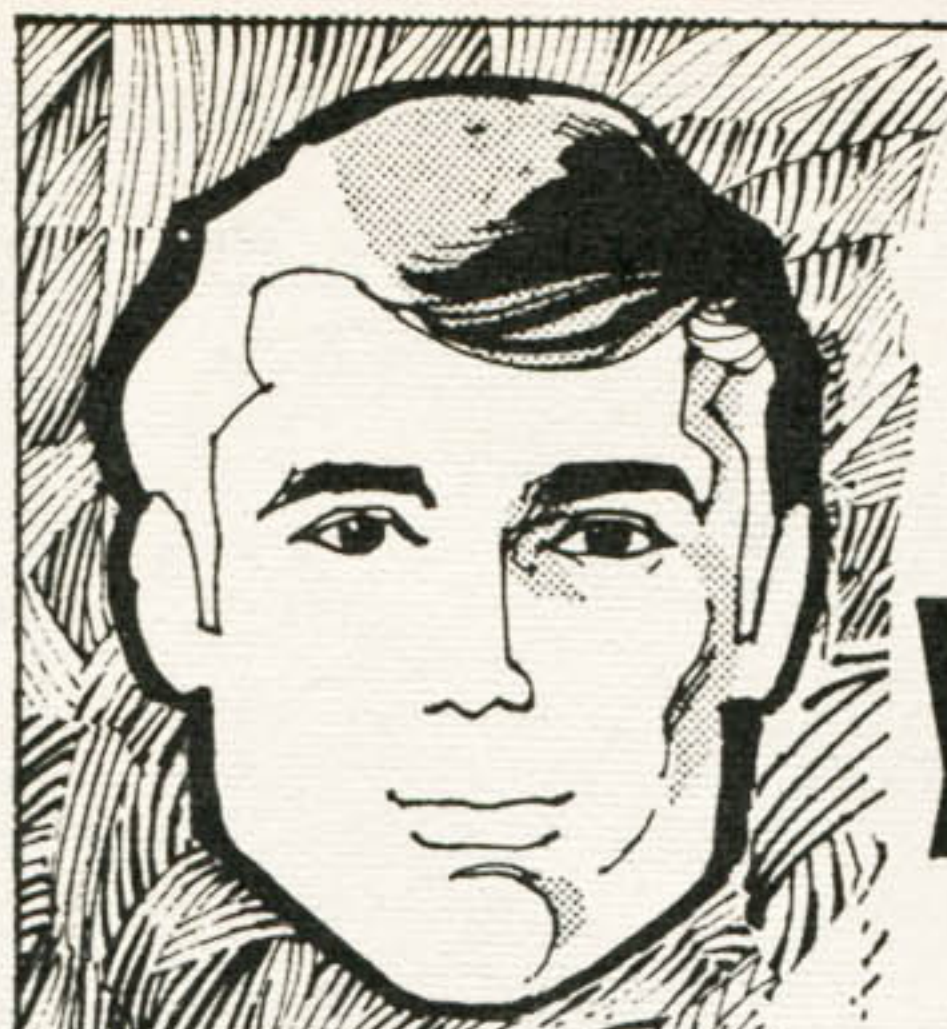
"Well," Tony said. "Well, come on in then." She cringed past and his pity grew. Goddamn it, he thought, I owe her something. He poured her a drink. She sipped it carefully, not meeting his eyes.

"Well," she said. "Well, it's been very nice seeing you again. And thank you for the nice drink and all."

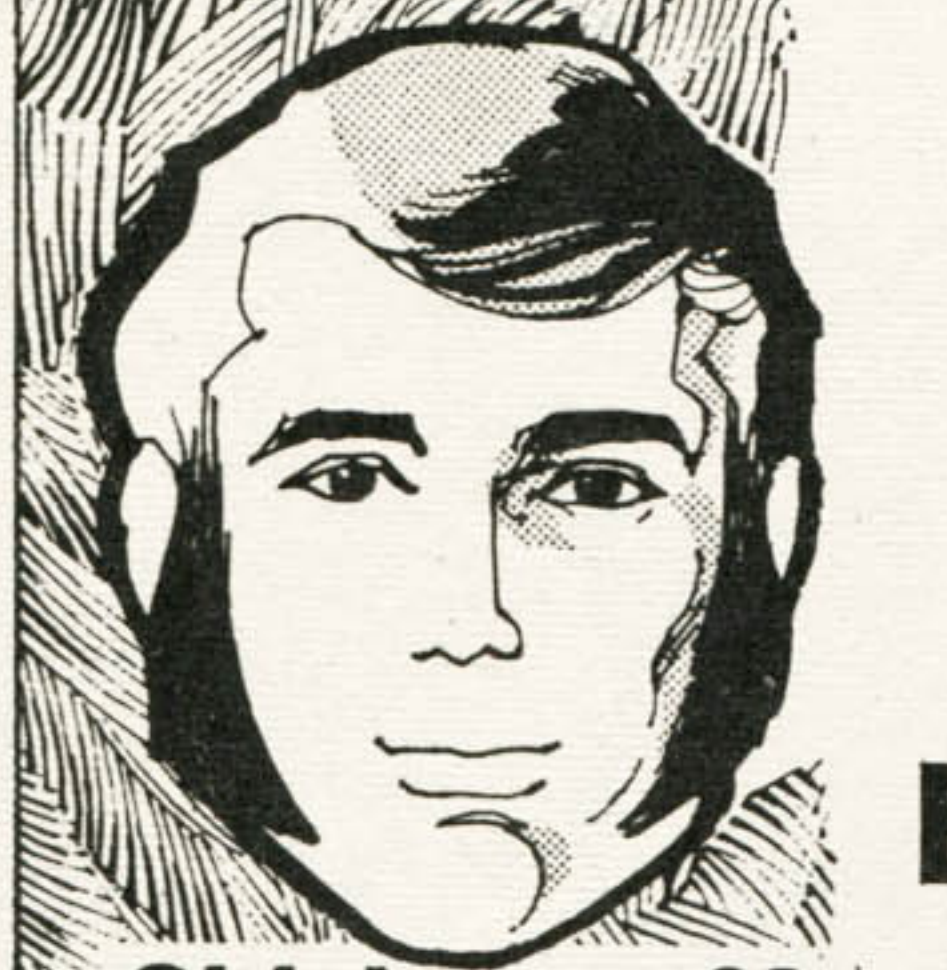
A drunken thought shocked him. All right, though, he thought belligerently. All right, but I owe her something. Don't forget that.

"Look," he said. "What's the rush?" He smiled, pleased. Why not? It would be a goddamned nice thing to do—a class thing. Smiling at his goodness, he bent and kissed her dry lips. She began to cry silently. Staggering, he carried her to the bedroom. He had never been better, even when he'd been pronging somebody who could do him a lot of good. She clung to him.

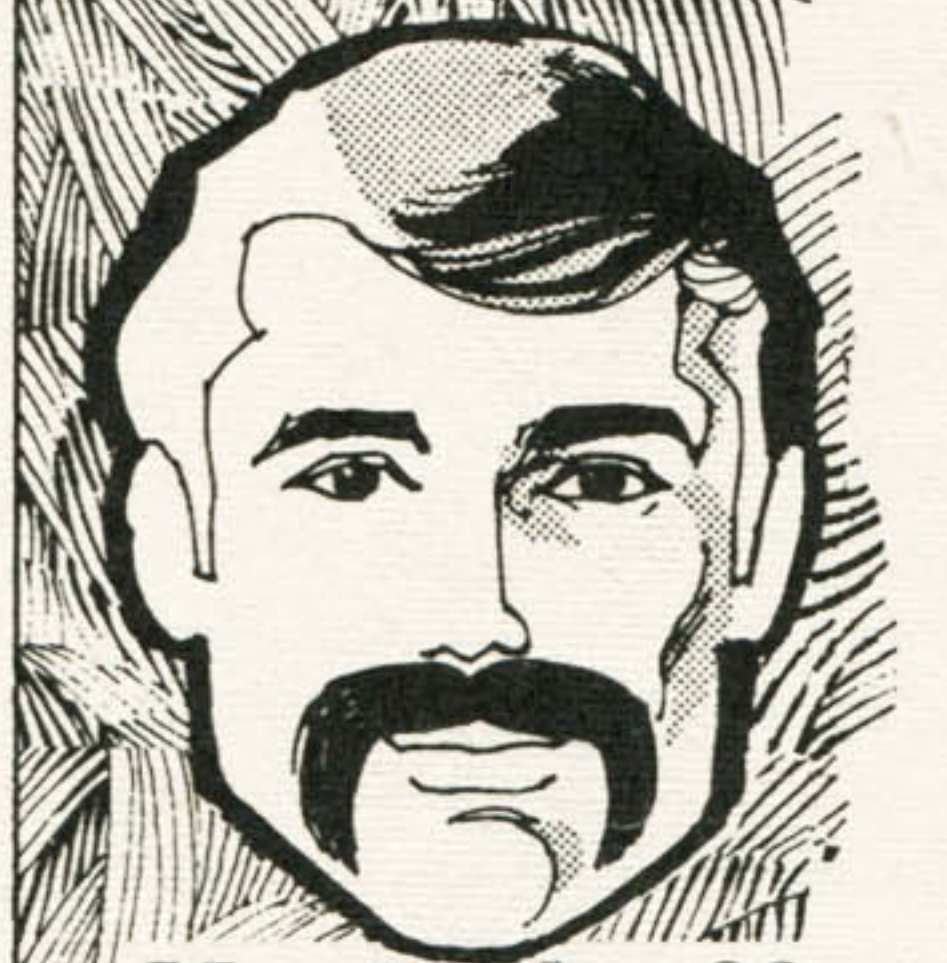
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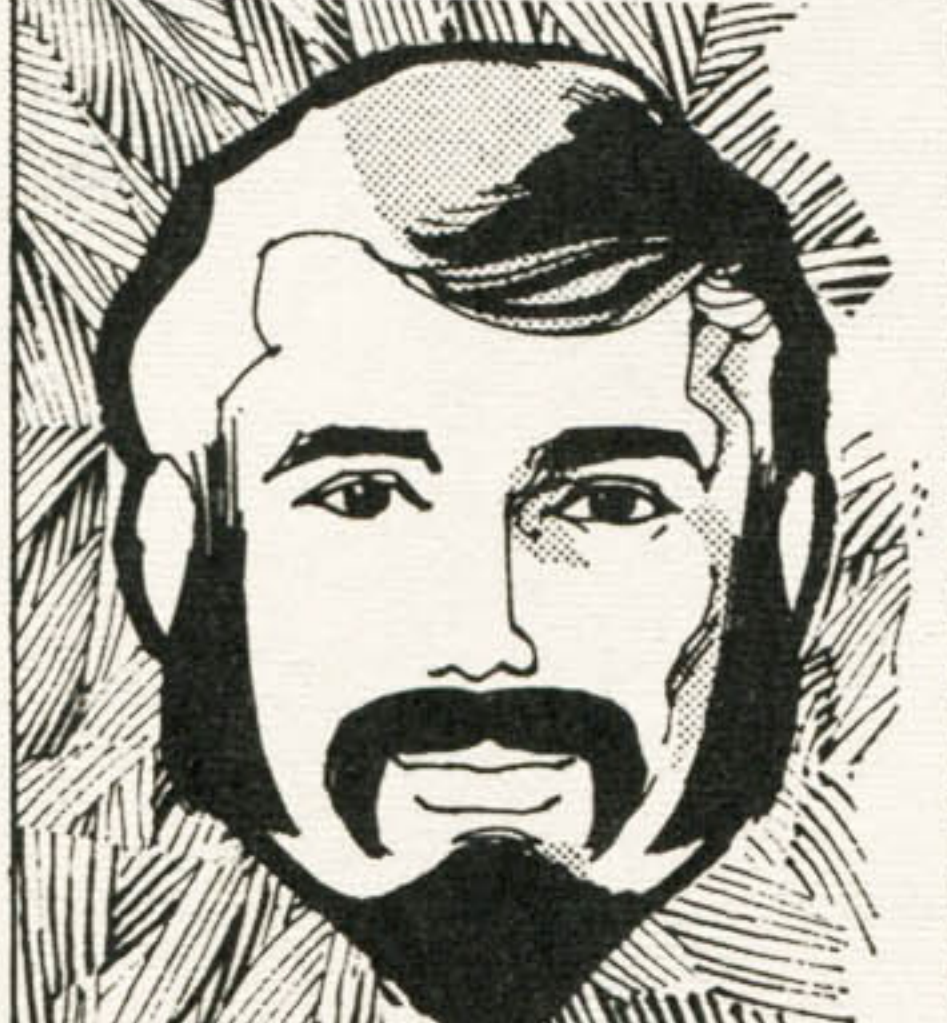
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she whispered.

"Sure," he said. "First and best." What the hell, he thought.

"All those other women since," the woman said. "I read about *them* in all those expose magazines and like that. You can't help it, them after you all the time. They just won't leave you alone."

"Right," he said. "Won't leave me alone. Won't..." And, deep and drunken, he slept.

He woke parched with thirst and tried to sit up. "What the hell?" he husked. He was still in bed, still naked. But his arms and legs were tied to the bed with strips cut from sheets. He fought the knots vainly.

"What the hell?" he shouted. The woman came into the room. She was smiling and talking quietly. "Untie me, you goddamned pig!" he shouted.

She shook her head.

"Help!" he shouted. "Help!"

With spider-like speed the woman crossed the bedroom and gagged him. His voice faded to a muted choking. The woman sat on the bed and looked tenderly down at him. Only then did Tony see her eyes. They were unfocused and staring, looking out on a dark twisted world of her own. She hesitated—then, remembering, she reached to the bedside table and took up a large pair of scissors.

"These," she said, nodding. "These or a knife, either one. Isn't that right, Anthony, dear?"

A hideous fear convulsed him. He reared his naked body, wildly seeking escape. The knots held.

Easy tears came to the mad eyes. "It's going to hurt at first," she said, nodding. "But I just can't see any other way, can you? I can't, either. Because you're so beautiful, women are going to keep after you and after you and after you. And you're weak, Anthony. Not bad—but weak. So that's what we're going to have to do, isn't that right?"

She opened the scissors and bent forward. One bony hand pressed with mad strength on his writhing belly, steadying. He felt the cold steel descending, brush his groin.

The woman stood.

"Well," she said. "Well, that wasn't so bad after all, was it?" She listened, nodding, nodding.

"I know," she said. "First and best." She looked back from the bedroom doorway, nodding—then was gone.

But the hideous choked sound in the bedroom went on and on and on, and it was young Anthony DiGiovanni weeping.



FOR EVERY SWEET THE SOUR

from page 46

tables, playing cards or games of chess. Except for the occasional exultant shout of "Black Jack," the doctor and I were not disturbed. We ordered some rum which was served in small paper cups.

"It's better this way," he explained, "No soda pop to upset the digestive tract."

He ordered the supper—native fish, freshly caught and stewed, fried plantains and boiled cucumbers.

"I've eaten here before. Delicious. Boiled cucumbers. I must get the recipe for my maid . . . and fried bananas. Psychedelic, perhaps. Who can tell?"

"I laughed. I was relaxing.

"Why do they do it?" he asked academically, as if I were not present and he was talking aloud to himself. "Why? Bill playing the age-old Don Juan role, and Liz the prurient nympho . . ."

I shrugged my shoulders with indifference. The doctor was a typical brain shrinker, like Simenon's analytic detective, Maigret, pondering the emotions and behavior of everyone he encountered in search of the clue. I was determined not to show my hand and let him include me in his probe.

He continued, "When I first arrived here almost a month ago, I found myself trapped—that is momentarily. Fortunately, I escaped. Either the black widow had had her fill or I was not a welcome, juicy fly—for ethnic reasons perhaps."

He smiled as I questioned this part of his analysis with a raised eyebrow.

"Don't get me wrong. I do not smell an anti-Semite in the wind. Oh, no. Today a Jew is as essential as he was in the drawing-room plays produced in dear Queen Victoria's day. A properly educated—from all appearances properly born—European, reputable Jewish Park Avenue psychiatrist like myself is a *must* in the stories of contemporary life . . . yes, he and a good homosexual with bad wit. As a writer, you know that."

I winced at the truth of his reprov-ing words.

"No . . . no . . . It's just that as all the guests—that is the men—came and went, I got intrigued with the game. One little Indian, two . . ."

I got the message.

"And I realized that we were all carefully screened and selected for the roles we were to enact for the Clay-pools. When you arrived, handsome, virile, successful playwright—another character in the play. Ladies for his Lordship; men for her Ladyship." He paused, watching for some display of

emotion on my part, but I remained silent. "But why? What do these two richly endowed people need? What are they in search of? I thought over all of the old Freudian theories . . . Bill acting out the Don Juan role, the ever-elusive flirt—possibly a latent homo . . ."

"I don't believe that," I said de-fending a man I had come to loathe.

"No, not for a moment. Then I thought, too much, too soon for the spoiled perennial children of the rich. The beautiful and the damned a la Fitzgerald, but that didn't hold either. Then I wondered if it were a pure case of behaviorism, a truly environmental case—this island. For there is a sort of decay here, you know. It is apparent everywhere except in some native place like this. The natives have survived and will continue to survive despite the invasion of the continentals with their false standards. But I wonder if *they* will survive." He dived hungrily into the food which had just been served.

"Look at the ones we have met at the private dinner parties at the Manor House," He began enumerating them, and as he pressed his point, I found myself both amused and in full agree-ment with his summation. "This is the only outdoor insane asylum I have ever been privileged to visit. But in the case of Bill and Liz I could not even settle for the environmental reason. What, I keep asking myself . . . what happened to those two healthy people that cast them adrift, building and living in a fool's paradise? For that's what this is, you know . . ."

I nodded in affirmation.

"What drives two people who love each other—and they must, because with each being equally rich there is no reason for them to stick together except from love or habit? What forces two such people to torture one another, like animals, with open sex play? He slipping, half-drunk, out of different women's cottages each night. Don't look at me like that. I am a light sleeper. I know. And she taking on one lover after another."

I blanched, but he could not see my ghost-white face in the dimly lit room.

"It's true. It's common island gossip. But, I have concluded she must be a lousy lay . . . that's the only solution because they all leave—boom!" He snapped his fingers for emphasis. "Like that. Almost as soon as the act of copulation has been accomplished, she comes out looking radiant, beautiful, young again. And the lover, he vanishes with his tail between his legs, so to speak. I've watched the proces-sion."

I took all the composure I could summon to ask, "Well, what's the prognosis, doc?"



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He laughed. "Don't ask me. I'm a psychiatrist with practice limited to children, as they say. I try to get them before this much damage is done. Maybe they could have been helped if someone had gotten to them in time."

I broke out laughing. I could not help it. He was so damned pompous, funny, and yet, I believed, genuinely concerned and sincere.

We left the restaurant and visited some of the other nightspots on the island, constantly encountering wanderers from the *Boston*. From bits of conversation heard here and there, I knew the doctor had not been spoofing me. For the women who had come to the island in search of sex, tonight was the night—and that included Liz. As the doctor had said, "Smorgasbord."

I felt nauseated and suggested we call it a night.

When we got back to Love's Fancy the festivities were still going full blast. I went to my room and fell into my bed, but I could not sleep. In the cascading light of the full moon, I could see the figures of sailors following Liz, still clad in her bikini, down to the soft, sweet-singing sea...

The next day, like a hurt and angry child, I pouted. I took the catamaran, which Bill had offered to let me sail, and disappeared. It was a new experience. The boat was as fast as lightning and just as dangerous. One miscalculated risk and I could be a good meal for the sharks and barracuda that infested the sea. But it kept my mind off myself and Liz, and it tired my body. At sundown I went to the nearest restaurant for dinner and returned unseen to my room. I got out my portable typewriter which hadn't been opened since my arrival and tried to write, but words wouldn't come. Then I poured a tall drink, propped myself in bed and tried to read. But the written words blurred into a single thick black line of print. I turned down the light and lay thinking. It was well past midnight when there came a knock on my door. I slipped into my robe as I said, "Come in."

And she walked in, looking more radiant, more serene than ever before. I wanted to say something cruel, despicable, but I couldn't. She walked toward me, put her arms around my neck and kissed me.

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did that night. Liz was a love goddess supreme. Skillful, defiant, yet pliable and sweet as an innocent virgin—insatiable in her need, inexhaustible in her ability to further excite and meet and satisfy all of my sexual demands.

When there was nothing more left in me to give, I knew I was hooked. I did not care if she had laid the entire crew of the *Boston* the night before, or every man who had ever come to the Virgin Islands. After all, that wasn't such a big segment of the world. I did not care about her husband, her marriage—anything but her. I felt I could never live without her. After this night all other women would be pale shadows, wan ghosts, lifeless.

I wanted to say all this as I lit a cigarette, but all I could whisper was, "I love you."

I had never said those words before.

Her reply was a cry, almost inaudible at first, and then feeling her wet tears on my shoulders, I was aware of the heart-breaking sobs that were racking her tense, exotic body.

"Oh God, Oh God," she moaned, "Forgive me . . . forgive me! Oh my God how I love him . . . how I love him!"

From the pronoun, I realized she was not referring to me. There are no words to explain my reaction. I sat up,

poured myself a strong drink, and one for her too. She took it and sat up in my bed, shyly pulling the sheet around her naked body, as a child might. With her body hunched, her knees under her chin, she sat still, tears pouring down her face. I lit a cigarette and handed her one, too. Then she began to talk in a low whisper.

"It's true. Bill, Oh my God, how I love him. Forgive me. There can never be another man. There never really has . . . not since I was fourteen and first saw him and became a woman at the same time. There never has been a man like Bill. We were married right after my debut, before I was eighteen. We never stopped making love; it was one long honeymoon. And then it happened."

Still in shock, I could not even bring myself to ask what.

"He came home after the Korean war. Like he said, everything had changed overnight. When he went away, a nickel had some value—the price of a coke, a ride in the subway to Coney Island, a telephone call. But life had gone pffft like the Buffalo nickel."

She drained her glass and motioned for a refill. Then, she continued, "He was no longer a man. He was a living war casualty—a hero shorn of his manhood. Emasculated. Bare." She laugh-



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ed a pitiful but mad laugh of a good actress playing Ophelia. "Bare, as me, his other half—his rib."

I got out of the bed, putting the bed towel around me, almost in shame. I stood staring out of the window. I could not look at her.

She rambled on like a phonograph record.

"It was hell. Such hell as you, no one will ever know. It was hell for him, hell for me. He wanted me to divorce him, begged me to. He said he'd wander alone over the face of the earth until he found some sort of peace. But I couldn't. I couldn't leave him so long as there was life in his body. I loved him. But with his love he had awakened a hungry beast inside me that was ravenous and began gnawing at me. He knew it. I was collapsing mentally and physically. We talked to doctors, analysts. We ran the gamut and finally reached our own solution. This. . ."

I turned to see her arm waving dramatically in testimony.

"Love's Fancy. Maybe we bought it because of the name . . . Love's fancy—a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Fancy-*finca* . . . our farm to supply our needs. Women, paties to be sucked in by his promises of love, balms for his wounded ego." She laughed ironically. "And for me . . . men. Men I loathe, hate and pity once they've had me."

Her voice was cold, cruel. I returned to her side.

"Hush, Liz . . . don't torture yourself . . . I'll—"

She looked at me with contempt.

"It's true. I hate you all—because you're not Bill, can never be Bill . . . I hate you all, you mother-fucking bastards!"

She staggered from the bed and stood naked before me, pointing to a small scar below her navel . . .

"So there would never be any problems . . . complications, like other men's children, I've been fixed too."

"As sterile as Bill," she muttered as she pulled on her flowered shift. "But in time it will all pass. In a few years the heat inside me will cool, the fire will burn out and then we can relax—join the parade of all aging, impotent voyeurs. Meanwhile, the sweet with the sour . . ."

I looked up into her face, tragic, immobile. The morning sunlight pushing aside the dark mystery of night revealed the tiny lines around her luminous, sad eyes. And the tell-tale of wrinkles of weariness, the same weariness I had seen on Bill's face, was pulling at her mouth. She smiled faintly as she said to me, "Try not to hate me, too. Maybe you can use me for material in a book." She pointed to

my typewriter filled with the blank sheet of paper.

"It's been told before," I replied grimly. "Hemingway, Dinesen . . . just to mention a few . . ."

"I know . . ." I heard her close the door.

Before dawn I was packed. I called a taxi and left a note with extra money for tips. In the note I had scribbled, "Called to New York. I'm sure you'll understand." I hardly recognized my own script on the envelope . . . "Bill and Liz Claypool."

As my plane circled over the island, I could hear the doctor when he learned of my sudden departure saying, "Six little Indians . . . seven. . ."

And I could see Liz, radiant, awaiting my successor.

I did not fly directly back to New York. I went to Aruba and further down into South America, trying to forget the Claypools, Love's Fancy, the Virgin Islands. When I returned to New York and got busy writing again, I did not call Slade. But one afternoon in the Oak Room I ran into him. He insisted I sit with him at his table. We chatted and he knew I was deliberately avoiding talking about the islands, my trip, the Claypools . . . Finally, he said, "Too bad about Bill Claypool."

I gulped my drink and readied myself for an exit, but he stopped me, motioned to the waiter for a refill.

"Don't you know?" he asked.

"What?"

"God, I thought you must have been there when it happened. I thought that was why you hadn't called me, or obviously didn't want to talk about the Islands."

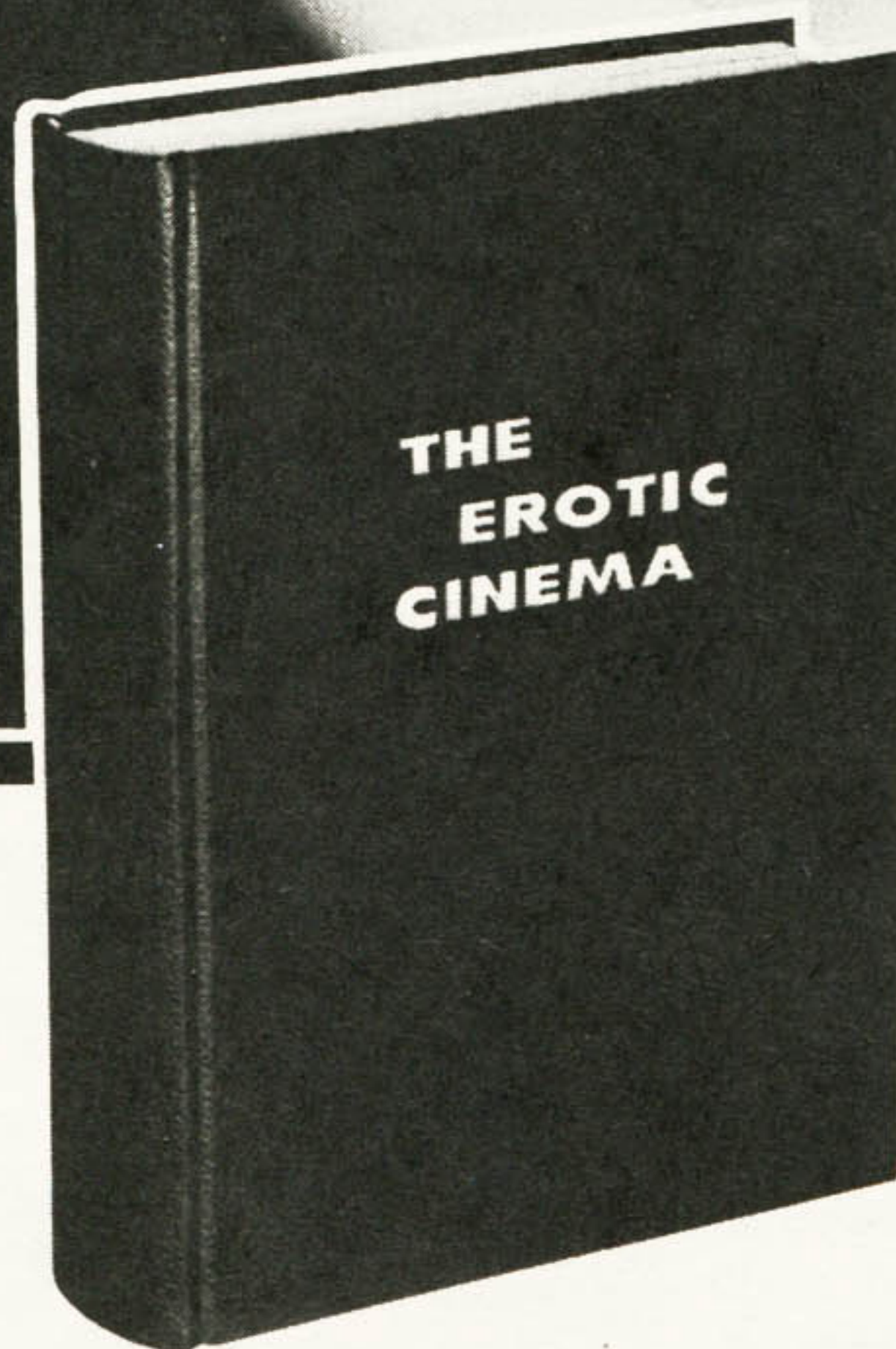
When he realized by the expression on my face that I was ignorant of what he was talking about, he went on. "Didn't you know? He drowned. About a month ago. On his catamaran. He had taken some guests to another island for a two-day visit, and coming back he tangled with one of those pre-hurricane tropical storms that are so treacherous. Great sailor that he was, still he capsized, sank. . ."

I was speechless. My heart felt like a red-hot poker burning in my chest. After a few seconds I asked hoarsely, "What about Liz?"

Slade drank most of his Scotch before he answered. Looking me straight in the eye, he spoke in his inanimate, direct voice, "She killed herself one week after Bill's body washed ashore."

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MR. WOOLLY

from page 15

zes off.

"Now then, my friend," says Mr. Woolly, laying a huge hand on Lang's arm. "Suppose you tell me about it. On second thought, it might be a fine idea if you explain what you do and give me your name."

"My name is John Lang," says the other with some dignity. "I'm a full professor at Hunter College. My specialty is anthropology." His voice weakens.

"Ah," says the giant, flashing his terrible smile. "And my name is Mr. Woolly. It's my guess you consider me a walking fossil."

"I do," says Lang, starts to say more and bites his tongue.

"Of what?"

"My guess is *Meganthropus Africanus*," Lang shrugs slightly. "It's only a guess."

"Will you be good enough to explain that?"

With any encouragement Professor Lang is the pedagogue. "In nineteen thirty-three and nineteen forty-one some amazing discoveries were made in Java by a certain von Koenigswald. These were some fragments of lower jawbones about twice the size of Heidelberg man. Since they were human, von Koenigswald deduced they belonged to a race of giants, and he called these *Meganthropus Paleojavanicus*. These linked up with some fossilized teeth the same man had acquired in a Chinese apothecary shop in Hong Kong. Because of their size, he didn't think them human and named the species from which they came *Gigantopithecus*. A man by the name of Weidenreich decided the teeth were human and suggested they belonged to a race of giants over twelve feet tall. Among Kohl-Larsen's collection of fossils Weinert found some upper jawbone fragments and a couple of molars of a like huge size. Since these came from East Africa, Weinert called the giants *Meganthropus Africanus*. The scientific world has yet to agree that such giant types existed. So..." Here Lang discontinues his polemic and blushes. "I was carried away. I was inclined to agree with the dissenters, but..."

"Now you don't," grunts Mr. Woolly.

"I don't know. Here you are, and I can't explain you. You should have been extinct a million years ago."

"Strange, isn't it," says Mr. Woolly. "However, if you remember your Schopenhauer, you'll recall that the will to power does not die out. I believe Freud's pupil Adler said much the same thing."

"Will to power?"

"Just so." Mr. Woolly roars with laughter, so frightful a sound, a few patrons not yet drunk turn around to stare, then order more drinks.

"I don't understand," says Lang.

"Perhaps not entirely. But you must be aware of the new direction in this country. You're perceptive. Have you noticed nothing strange, nothing new, in the past few years?"

"Strange?"

"Different, if you like."

"Change is constant."

"No folksy philosophy, please."

"Anarchy among the wealthy?"

"Good! Very warm. I congratulate you." Mr. Woolly seizes the pitcher of beer and drains it. He belches loudly. "It's more than anarchy, however. Anarchy, essentially, is chaos. I'm speaking of a drive to total power."

"Your semantics eludes me. Total power?"

"Dallas?" The black eyes pin Lang.

"The murder of John Kennedy?" Even as he says it, Lang feels again the dreadful hurt and sighs involuntarily. Lost, lost, he thinks.

"The killing of a president," says Mr. Woolly indifferently, "was significant but incidental. I speak of the consolidation of power in the hands of a very rich few."

"Like yourself."

"Correct. However, I don't have power. I am power. Do you recognize the difference?"

"My brain functions."

"So? A cognoscenti? A literati?"

"If you like."

"I don't like. You're fools. All of you. Eggheads. You think. You create. We use. Come. I'll show you."

"Show me?"

"I've a shack on Long Island. You needn't be frightened. Since I've nothing to fear from you, you've nothing to fear from me. Call it the exhibitionist in me, if you like."

"That you've nothing to fear from me is your assumption," says Lang with what little courage he can muster.

"True." Mr. Woolly gets to his feet. "Well?"

The waiter rushes over with the check. "Who's payin' the tab?" he asks, looking from one to the other belligerently.

The giant examines him from head to toe expressionlessly. "With that attitude, I suggest you pay it, my friend."

The waiter is a big man, but he sees something in Mr. Woolly's eyes which makes him retreat to the phone booth to call the police.

As the pair wait on the corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-Second Street for a cab, two patrol cars pull up beside them, and an officer pokes his head out the window, addressing Mr. Woolly. "Hey you, bud," he calls.

"You the bum we just got a call about? Like about the tab in the gin-mill over there. Say! You from the circus or somethin'!"

Mr. Woolly goes to the window from which the officer's head protrudes. "May I have your name and number, officer. You're being impolite and abusive."

"Yeah," says the officer. "And you can have this stick bouncing off that ugly head of yours. Now get in the car, and don't make no trouble."

Mr. Woolly bends slightly, lifts without visible effort, and topples the car sideways into the street. It's resounding crash drowns the cries from it's terrified occupants. Many pedestrians grin. Someone executes a buck-and-wing, and a character runs up the street giggling like one demented. Mr. Woolly turns on his heels and goes into a nearby tobacconist. He squeezes into a phone booth and makes a call. An officer from the second patrol car comes in cautiously and slowly with gun drawn. Silently, Mr. Woolly hands him the receiver. The officer, still covering the giant with his revolver, takes the receiver and listens carefully a look of respect on his face. He replaces the receiver and walks out of the store without another glance at Mr. Woolly. A moment later Lang and the giant are riding uptown in a cab.

Lang's pale eyes are bulging. "How did you manage that?" he asks.

Mr. Woolly shows his teeth. "Power, my friend." The giant bursts again into horrid laughter.

"May I be candid?" asks Lang.

"By all means. I seldom tell the truth myself, but I've no objections if you wish to be honest."

"Here's what puzzles me," says Lang. "How is it possible for you to conceptualize and verbalize so adequately with your obvious lack of cranial capacity?"

The cab rocks with Mr. Woolly's laughter, and the driver glances apprehensively into his mirror. "At one time, it was said the bumblebee shouldn't be able to fly according to the known principles of aerodynamics. The bumblebee flies. Does that answer your question?"

"No," says Lang.

"Quite right. What's more it's close to being a non sequitur. Ever read Kant?"

"The Critique?"

"Just so."

"I have."

"Then you'll recall the difference between noumenon and phenomenon."

"I'm not sure." The Professor pauses a moment to pull on his ear lobe. "Philosophy was not my best subject."

/ turn to page 80

THE EROTIC REBELLION

The first of a series of Adam Special Reports studies the emergence of a new morality . . . in this country and abroad. Sections of this special edition include articles on Public Nudity, Underground Newspapers, Free Love Groups, Sex Films, Obscenity, plus a two part story covering The Sexual Revolution: Then and Now.

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Be prepared for a revealing experience in text and photo in this hard-hitting account of the Erotic Rebellion!



\$1
ON SALE NOW

MR. WOOLLY

from page 78

"Spare me your rationalizations," says Mr. Woolly. "What do you remember?"

"I seem to recall that the phenomenon is the object known through the senses. We perceive the noumenon only by deduction. I think Kant implied the latter is the reality."

"Good," says the giant. "Which am I?"

"The phenomenon?"

"Wrong! I am not appearance. I am reality. Well, here we are."

"Where?" says Lang.

"My pad," says Mr. Woolly.

"What do we do here?"

"Come in. I'll introduce you to Riri, and you two can play while I attend to business. Later, we'll go to Long Island."

As they enter the hallway of Mr. Woolly's apartment, the first thing Lang sees is a naked boy of eight or nine pursued by a beautiful and equally naked giantess. The boy is screaming with laughter. Lang, despite his diminutive stature, is something of a satyr, and is instantly frozen into drooling immobility.

In Mr. Woolly's eyes, too, orange flames flicker, but with the courtesy of an experienced host he indicates Riri and says, "She's yours, if you care to be my guest."

Goggle-eyed, Lang can only nod.

"Riri," calls Mr. Woolly. "Come here."

When she is before them, Lang ogles her lovely face, the great breasts, and the black triangle below her navel. He finds his own flesh becoming painfully solid.

"Well, Professor?" asks Mr. Woolly drily.

"Magnificent!" breathes Lang softly, reverently. "I have never seen so much beauty in one package!"

"Riri," orders the giant. "Take the Professor to your room and entertain him as best you can. I have a few matters to attend to before we leave to consult with the Great Brain."

"Yes, Sir." She glances doubtfully at Lang, turns, and walks slowly off, peeking over her shoulder to see if the wisp follows. Like a somnambulist he walks so close he is almost stepping on her heels, his eyes plastered to each motion of her buttocks, his nose hungrily inhaling the odors of her body. In her bedroom she turns to him, her blue eyes smiling, "You're rather small, Professor Lang. I hope you know what you're doing."

Lang crosses his arms on his chest, and with great dignity pulls himself up to maximum height. "Do I know what I'm doing, child? I fathered eight children by my first wife and six by my

second. While I am not usually addicted to braggadocio, I fancy myself a master of the boudoir."

Riri's eyes shine. "We shall see. Allow me." She begins to undress him. She winces when his skirt is off and tries to hide a smile upon removing his trousers. When she pulls down his shorts, however, she frowns, her pupils dilate, and she looks thoughtful.

An hour later she is happily exhausted, and Lang lies quietly beside her, puffing vigorously on a cigarette, flicking the ashes on the carpet.

Riri murmurs huskily, her glazed eyes on the ceiling. "I didn't know such pleasures existed. I have been almost everywhere in the world, but your tricks and their amazing variety have left me weak." She pats his loins affectionately.

"Practice, child," says Lang. "As is evident, I am not a crowning physical example of Homo sapiens. Erotology has, therefore, become an avocation, and I have tried faithfully to meet the challenge. I began with two advantages. My appendage and my brain. This combination has proved so stimulating there are few fields of erotic exploration into which I haven't ventured."

"Do you like Mr. Woolly?" asks Riri slyly.

"No."

"I hate him!" she says suddenly and violently, covering her mouth quickly in apprehension.

Lang sees the gesture and lays a paternal, reassuring hand on her breast. "Fear not, child. Your secret is safe with me. I share your sentiments wholeheartedly. It is my intention to destroy Mr. Woolly before he and others like him destroy the world."

"He's evil, evil!" exclaims Riri. "He bought me on the slave block in Mecca five years ago, and I've lived with him since then. If I tried to leave, he'd have me killed, and I know he'd find me no matter where I went. Look! This is the way he makes love!" She turns on her side to show the crescent on her left buttock. "He did that this morning, and he said he might eat me up if he felt like it."

Lang examines the wound and kisses the flesh. "Quite a bite," he says. "The thing must have the jaws of a timber wolf."

She twists about to regard him intently. "Do you mean it? About killing him?"

"I do."

"But how? And what will you do with the body? He's very big." She whispers this.

Lang answers softly. "There's a drug which will do the job beautifully, and I have friends who will help. One is a zoologist, the other a taxidermist. I've felt strongly since I first laid eyes

on Mr. Woolly, that he would make an outstanding exhibit in the Museum of Natural History."

At this Riri bursts into such a fit of laughter Lang claps a hand over her mouth. "For heaven's sake, Riri! That thing is intuitive enough without communicating with it. Laughter is communication."

"All right," she says, her voice muffled. "You took me by surprise, and I just couldn't help it. You can take your hand away now. I'll be careful." She turns on her side to face him. "You've a plan, Professor?"

"The beginning of a plan, but I'll need your help. Will you help?"

"For gosh sakes, yes! Tell me what to do."

"First I need a pencil and paper. My drawing equipment won't do."

Riri jumps from the bed and goes to her pocketbook on the dresser. She rummages about and finally produces an envelope and pencil. As he begins to write, she snuggles up to him. He explains. "This is the address of the zoologist. His name is Harold Danforth. He owns a special rifle which fires what amounts to a hypodermic needle. I will ask him to load the needle with a lethal drug called diisopropyl fluorophosphate, DFP, for short. I won't go into further details except to say that a small dose will tuck our Mr. Woolly between the sheets for eternity. Now, here's the number of the taxidermist. Call him, mention my name, and ask him to make preparations to mount a six to seven hundred pound ape. Since today is Saturday, tell him he can expect the specimen Monday morning. Can you remember it all?"

"Easily. But what about the gun? What do I do with it?"

"You have a car?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the whereabouts of Mr. Woolly's home?"

"I should. I've been there about a hundred times. He likes to show off his computer like a little boy with a toy train."

"So it seems. He likes to show you off, too, Riri. Can you fire a gun?"

"I'm a good shot. Mr. Woolly taught me."

"This is too amusing," says Lang, grinning. "I need a piece of paper, Riri. I want to write a note to Danforth."

Riri brings him a box of stationery. He writes for several minutes and hands the folded paper to her. "Give him this. Better tuck it in the envelope. He'll give you the rifle, armed, and ready to fire."

"Will I do the shooting?"

"Want to?"

"And how!"

/ turn to page 82

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MR. WOOLLY

from page 80

"Excellent. Listen carefully. When you arrive at Mr. Woolly's place, blow your horn as if it's an emergency. Keep blowing until we come out. Place the gun in your lap muzzle pointed toward the door on your side. When you drive in, be sure the car is in such a position he will have to approach on your side. Stop, unlatch your door and the door opposite. Don't forget that. Cock the gun, but keep it on safety. When you see us, take the gun off safety, and place your finger near the trigger guard. Not inside! I repeat. Not inside! When Mr. Woolly is ten feet from the car, kick your door open and fire directly into his body. You won't need to aim because you can't miss from that distance. The drug should take effect within seconds, and if he becomes violent, so much the better. Now, this is important too, child. The instant you have fired that gun, leave the car by the opposite door and keep running. Any questions?"

"Why do I run?"

"To put a lot of distance between yourself and Mr. Woolly. He's as strong as two gorillas, and it's impossible to tell how quickly the drug will kill him. Be safe. I'm going to run like hell in the opposite direction. That'll leave him like the ass between two bundles of hay."

"Then what?"

"I'll call in some help and get the body over to Delessio. Sometime later, we'll admire the new exhibit at the museum."

"I may laugh."

"No matter."

A mile beyond Great Neck, Long Island, Mr. Woolly turns off onto a graveled road, which seems to Lang to wind on endlessly. When they come to a clearing, he looks around futilely.

"Just so," says Mr. Woolly indifferently. "Excellent camouflage. The computer is housed five stories below. It's safe from everything but a near hit by a fifty megaton thermonuclear weapon. Prestressed concrete ten feet thick, heavy lead insulation against gamma radiation, and interior steel walls, a foot thick."

Lang asks the other casually, "You must need a large personnel to run the complex and your protective system. Maintenance, if nothing else."

"None," says Mr. Woolly with a hint of pride. "I trust no one. Servomechanisms operated by the computer. If you've read Wiener's *Cybernetics*, you know about feedback and communication."

"I read the part I could understand. I'm no mathematician."

"But you understand feedback and servomechanisms."

"That's not difficult."

This monster, Lang thinks with disgust, is as parasitic as a fungus, and like all parasites it may well destroy itself as it destroys its host. The latter, I can't permit. Filth!

Inside, Mr. Woolly goes straight to an elevator, and soon they are descending quickly. Lang asks, "Suppose you have unwanted visitors or prowlers?"

Mr. Woolly scrutinizes him for a disturbingly long period. "Why do you ask?"

"You have something immensely valuable here. The 'brotherhood' would like to own it too."

"Quite right," grunts the giant. "Every floor outside is monitored. Closed circuit television, of course. It's possible to scan all of my property. An intruder activates heat seekers, orients my cameras, and sets off a buzzer. The intruder is automatically flashed on my master screen. If more than one should appear, they are picked up on a patterned set of smaller screens. This makes it possible to see any configuration of trespassers."

The computer is everything Mr. Woolly has bragged. It fills a room two hundred feet square. But for the hum of the machine, the room is noiseless. Lights flash along the sixty foot control board, and Mylar tapes in hundreds of cases along the walls wind back and forth. Mr. Woolly indicates the tapes. "Input," he says. "The computer has its own regulatory device and will only accept new information when the previous information has been analyzed and stored."

"Will you speak to the computer?" asks Lang.

"If you like." The giant picks up a small microphone from the single small table in the room, saying to Lang, "The computer is programmed to respond to the sound of my voice only." He speaks into the mike. "Dow-Jones average."

An electronic voice answers from the speakers. "The Dow-Jones industrial average was down six point twenty-four at ten-thirty A.M. Friday morning and was off a point at three P.M. It closed at eight hundred and seventy-six point eighty-nine up three point ninety."

"Standard and Poor?" asks Mr. Woolly.

"Standard and Poor's five hundred stock index down zero point twenty-nine at eleven o'clock, closed at eighty-five point forty-three up zero point forty-one."

"Volume on the New York Stock Exchange?"

"Sharp drop to six point forty-three million shares from eight point sixty-four million on Thursday."

"Analysis?"

"Insufficient information."

"When will the information be sufficient?"

"Within one half-hour."

"Conditions on the Israeli frontier?"

"Probing actions from Israeli borders into Syria and Jordan. Overflights in Egypt, Iran, Jordan, Syria, and Iraq of F104 jet fighters from Israeli airfields."

"Extrapolate."

"Evidence indicates another invasion of Egypt by Israeli forces within two months."

A buzzer sounds and the master television screen lights up. Riri is in her car in the driveway, blowing her horn. Mr. Woolly flips a switch, and the noise comes to them muted. "Something's wrong," he says. "We must go up at once."

As Mr. Woolly approaches Riri's car, her door swings open, there's a sharp pop, and Mr. Woolly clutches his stomach. His eyes flame red as he lumbers forward toward the car. Riri is out the other door and running. Lang scuttles off among the trees. With a horrendous roar his great teeth flashing, Mr. Woolly brings up his hands and crushes the top of the car with one sledgehammer blow of his great fists. He tears the door off as if it's a paper ornament. He searches the area with blood-red eyes. "You can't win, Lang!" he bellows and stumbles backwards to lean against the remains of the Ford. "You and your kind are finished!" He begins to twitch from head to foot, falls forward on his face, and his body continues to jerk spasmodically. He is still. Lang waits a full half-hour before going to the body, and an instant later Riri is at his side. Lang feels the giant's pulse. There is none. "Off to the 'happy hunting grounds'," he remarks and turns the monster's head. The eyes have turned black. Already they are glazed.

Sometime later, Riri and Professor Lang are in the Museum of Natural History. There, in a huge showcase labeled *Meganthropus Africanus*, is Mr. Woolly, bent slightly forward, arms dangling, and naked except for a leather loincloth. To them both he looks more alive than dead. Riri begins to giggle, then emits an ear-piercing shriek pointing at the showcase. "He's alive!" she screams, and collapses gracefully on the floor. Professor Lang looks at her then at the exhibit. Mr. Woolly's eyes are burning red, regarding Lang malevolently.



JILL



Young, blond, the epitome of today's hippie type, Jill measures a turn-on 35-24-35—when her long tresses allow for a zoom-lens male view! Her ambition is to land a movie contract—which seems a likely one with her visible talents. For more of Jill from even more angles turn to page 89.



There is a lady named Dorothy Jane who is the happy and fulfilled wife of an airplane pilot. She is wont, when her pilot is at home, to romp through endless weekends of happy love-making—which pleases him as well. The two have produced issue numbering about eight—seven and a half to date—and Dorothy Jane could hardly be described as a blushing flower.

Yet she has had ample opportunity to see her gynecologist, and some good reason for the visits, and she finds a healthy and blushing modesty overwhelms her on these occasions. There is, as she sees it, little dignity and no fun flat on her back with her feet in stirrups while a strange man makes familiar with her private parts.

But Dorothy Jane, being a lady and something of an imaginative romantic, has found the perfect method for her own maintenance of dignity. She claims nothing phases her as long as she wears her hat and gloves. So when escorted into the doctor's changing room, she follows instructions and disrobes entirely except for these three garments—and strides into the examination room with head held high and elan unshattered.

And though Dorothy Jane diverts attention from her sexuality by wear-

ing a hat under trying circumstances, the fact is that most women use hats of one nature and another to proclaim their sensuality—or virtue, however the case may be. When married, a bride dons a veil and cap, where the groom stands with head uncovered. It was not he who committed the original sin of eating that apple—though it has always seemed likely that Adam didn't need a lot of urging to bite.

Nevertheless, woman's headgear has often had sexual meanings in all kinds of worldly cultures. In Italy, the headcloth is worn as a symbol of purity, and after marriage—or any ravaging of the maidenhead—it can no longer be worn. Never fear, the maid could always flee to Greece where a hat called the love-awakener is worn.

On this Greek hat is a round shield bearing the design known as the stormcloud, a fringe often made of stylized serpents. This fringe is related to Zeus, the king of the gods, and was worn by Greeks for milleniums as a charm against physical harm. It also was said to have the power to increase the sexual power of the female wearer—and to make her hold over her lovers absolute.

Across the Aegean Sea in Turkey, a hat called the *cachi* was frequently to be found—not necessarily seen because

it was worn underneath a veil—in resplendent harems. On this square-bowl-shaped headgear, which looked something like a fez, was woven a series of hieroglyphic symbols promising the wearer success in whatever endeavor she involved herself. Usually this was the highly important conception of a male heir, and those who were most intent on this way of pleasing their lord and master also attached a tassel to the *cachi*—which was a familiar phallic symbol made more pertinent by being exactly centered in the woven message—which became the woman's womb itself.

Not far away in Saudi Arabia there is the *Hootchy-Kootchy* hat worn by belly dancers and others possibly not renowned for much apparel below the neckline. Made of metal so as to not allow evil spirits to enter the person via the back of the head, the *Hootchy-Kootchy* hat is also shaped fez-like, but has numerous metallic symbols hanging from its crown in golden chains.

Perhaps in no other country is prudery more pronounced than in Ger-

A lot can be seen underneath by what's on top...

THE HAT YOU WEAR IS YOUR SEX-IMAGE

by Robert Black



many. And possibly for this very reason it took the Germans to unwittingly proclaim their very great sensuality—which they seem constantly to try to hide—by as obvious a method as a hat.

More than Volkswagens have come out of the Black Forest. There is also a ladies' hat called the *Thuringia Rejuvenator* which absolutely guarantees to keep its wearer sexually youthful. And to create it, the Germans *really* got involved in sexual symbolism.

It all began with the goddess of spring and love, Ostera. In the good old days, to honor this deity a virgin was chosen in the springtime to be queen of the spring dances. She had to have the most perfect figure and be absolutely unblemished. Once this nymph was found, she led off the spring entertainment by personifying the warm and sensual weather to come—and started off festivities generally by appearing in the temple stark naked with a rosebud held between her teeth.

She was joined soon thereafter by a young man, also unblemished, and together they danced on straw in the temple and eventually made a public demonstration of the mating act—possibly in case there was any doubt left in the audience.

Strangely enough, however, it was the straw upon which the two danced which was as important as what they did. Straw, it seems, has a long history in erotic dances and religious symbols in the Black Forest. Chickens and rabbits reproduced quickly in *their* straw nests, and in an attempt to emulate these virtues—and the fun of it—women took to dancing on straw and eventually to wearing it on their heads.

The male of the species has been no less extravagant in putting his sex on the top of his head, so to speak. One of the best and most extravagant examples is the traditional matador hat worn in Spain, Mexico, and any other country where bullfighting is popular—and allowed.

The matador's hat is like no other in shape; it is a reasonable copy of the head of a bull itself, with two horns, one on each side naturally, and a bull's-eye design woven on the central or head-like part of the hat. This decoration, originally a sign of the cults of the bull wherever they appeared, was often used on the prows of ships to enhance the seeing powers of the sailors to those of a bull.

That a bull can't see very well, perhaps, was a neglected oversight. The fact that a bull is *hung* was overly apparent to anyone near one, and the myth of genital size having anything to do with virility—or any kind of physi-

cal or mental prowess—is still very much with us. And, of course, as any spectator to a bullfight might assume, there is a psychological meaning to the kill—*I am as big as a bull*.

Another European felt hat that does have primitively animalistic sexual overtones is the German hunting hat. Chiefly popular in Bavaria, this headpiece is worn with the familiar mountain costume of short leather breeches, long stockings, heavy walking shoes, decorated shirts, embroidered suspenders and leather jacket.

At the base of the crown of the hat, in the rear, juts up a brush-like appendage. Correctly worn, this brush indicates the type of quarry bagged by the hunter. A short brush would mean short hair, like a wild boar; medium brush indicates deer; and the longest brush stands for mountain goat.

Today this brush merely tells what kind of prey the hunter catches. But eons ago the brush was worn for a different reason and was originally part of the very hair of the animal killed. The wearer, of course, hoped to assimilate some of the qualities of the animal he hunted, like courage, or sagacity, or sexual strength. The feather found on modern hats dates to this old usage, though it is worn today with no meaning other than decoration.

But the spiked helmet worn by German soldiers through World War One had a more specific relationship to the past, and also to power and dominance. Teutonic tribes were ruled by the most powerful hunters who would wear on their heads the horns of their victims. The more horns tied together on top showed the tribes who was the most powerful. The central spike was a modern take-off on the old custom, and a thoroughly Germanic one at that.

The Germans were not the only people to design hats for their warriors based on past cultures. In Greece, the ancient *euzonoi* designed a red cap with a long—sometimes two feet long—tassel hanging down from the center. These caps made the fighters easy to recognize, and the tassel was the male phallic symbol in Greece—so dearly beloved by the women of that country!

The Scottish Highlanders were another breed known to be of the best when the chips were down. By their own notions, long before firearms, they considered themselves inadequately dressed unless they wore three swords, one on their left, one on the right, and one tucked into a stocking just to be sure. They were warriors alone and never considered themselves available for manual labor of any other kind.

Their famous hat is known as the bluebonnet and was made of a rounded piece of wool. Wool was most satis-

factory since in wet weather—and God knows Scotland is wet—the wearer could wring out the water and put it back on his head. As a matter of fact, it was in Scotland where the phrase “Hold onto your hat!” was born.

Contrary to popular belief, it was not the well-known plaids which marked a Highlander’s clan, at least not until well into the 18th century. It was generally an evergreen insignia pinned to his bluebonnet which gave a Highlander both his rank—in how many sprigs were attached—and his clan identification.

Therefore, hanging onto his hat in encounters with venomous enemies was a necessity—otherwise a man might be cut down by his own. There were five orders strictly followed by every Highlander as he went into battle. The first was: “Place the Bonnet Firmly on the Head with an Emphatic ‘Scrug!’”

The French Foreign Legion has made the *Cabot-Ribot*, or cap with cutains, famous in modern-day times. Yet the most casual observer can recognize the same headgear style on the famous stone Sphinx in Egypt. It was called the *claf* and worn by both men and women. Napoleon introduced the fashion to France after his 1798 Egyptian campaign, and the style has spread even to the New York police force which has a foul-weather variety for its men on the sidewalk beat.

Another funny looking cap can be called the “Guardian of Love” hat. It is round, and now rarely seen, but used to be worn by men and women—and then women only—on the island of Madeira. It is called the *carapuca*. From its top juts a sprig-like appendage which had only one purpose—to hold a sprig of rosemary over the wearer.

The womenfolk of Madeira carried the use of rosemary one step farther than those on the Continent. There it was one of the first herbs used for stewing and was thought to cure ills of madness, loss of speech, sore eyes, and to clear up the complexion. The Romans used rosemary to crown the heads of their honored guests and their gods.

But into the famed wines of their islands, the ladies of Madeira poured rosemary, and then handed the glass to their menfolk. This insured, or was supposed to insure, the lasting devotedness of their loved one—or, to put it more bluntly, a forever hard-on.

The beret became popular in France in the 15th century as a cap worn by many professions, not only by the great painters of the day though it still retains an arty image. But the beret is far older than that and dates back to ancient Greek and Roman periods. In Greece they were re-

served for the upper classes. In Rome, when a man wished to become engaged to a girl, he merely snatched off her beret! Bejeweled berets were popular in Rome in the 6th century.

By the Middle Ages they had spread to France. Charlemagne owned 500 different berets, and he probably introduced them to the Basque region in northern Spain where they are now the honored headdress of the region. To the Basque, the beret is so much a part of himself he never removes it, even to salute man or woman.

And America also has its hats of primitive origin, namely the war bonnets of the Indian tribes, especially the Sioux. Women were not allowed to wear feathers; they were reserved only for valiant warriors, and it was in fighting only the Sioux men proved their manhood.

The top hat still reigns sartorially supreme, yet is a relative newcomer. When Mr. James Heatherington first wore one in London in 1797 he was promptly arrested for “having appeared on a public highway wearing upon his head a tall structure having a shining lustre and calculated to frighten timid people . . .”!

And men today choose their wearing apparel the same way the ancients did. Their choice may not be related as distinctly to the animal properties of the bull, or the way the wind blows, but men’s headgear today distinctly defines the personality of those who wear them.

The beret is still worn by the so-called artistic, and the Bowler and offshoots by businessmen and those involved in finance or trade. The German hunting hat is most recognizable in the Austrian-developed climbing hat, and is often worn by those who would have decades ago been called “gay blades,” or wanted to be.

Only the very daring can be seen in the Chelsea Dandy, or Sherlock Holmes hat, or the Cossack fur hat from Russia—but those who want brains and courage enough, respectively, will wear them. A more frequently seen anomaly is the Australian Outrigger’s hat, made of leather with a wide and flowing brim, worn by outright mod types.

It is somewhat more difficult to find a choice, too, since so many styles have been taken over by modern woman—who wants as much to be dashing as modern man, and who has made swift inroads into the male headgear world. This may be one reason why many American males choose to ignore the whole issue, and either go out bare-headed or grow long shanks of hair to protect them from the elements. But this latter method hardly signifies masculinity, or makes for easy male identification.





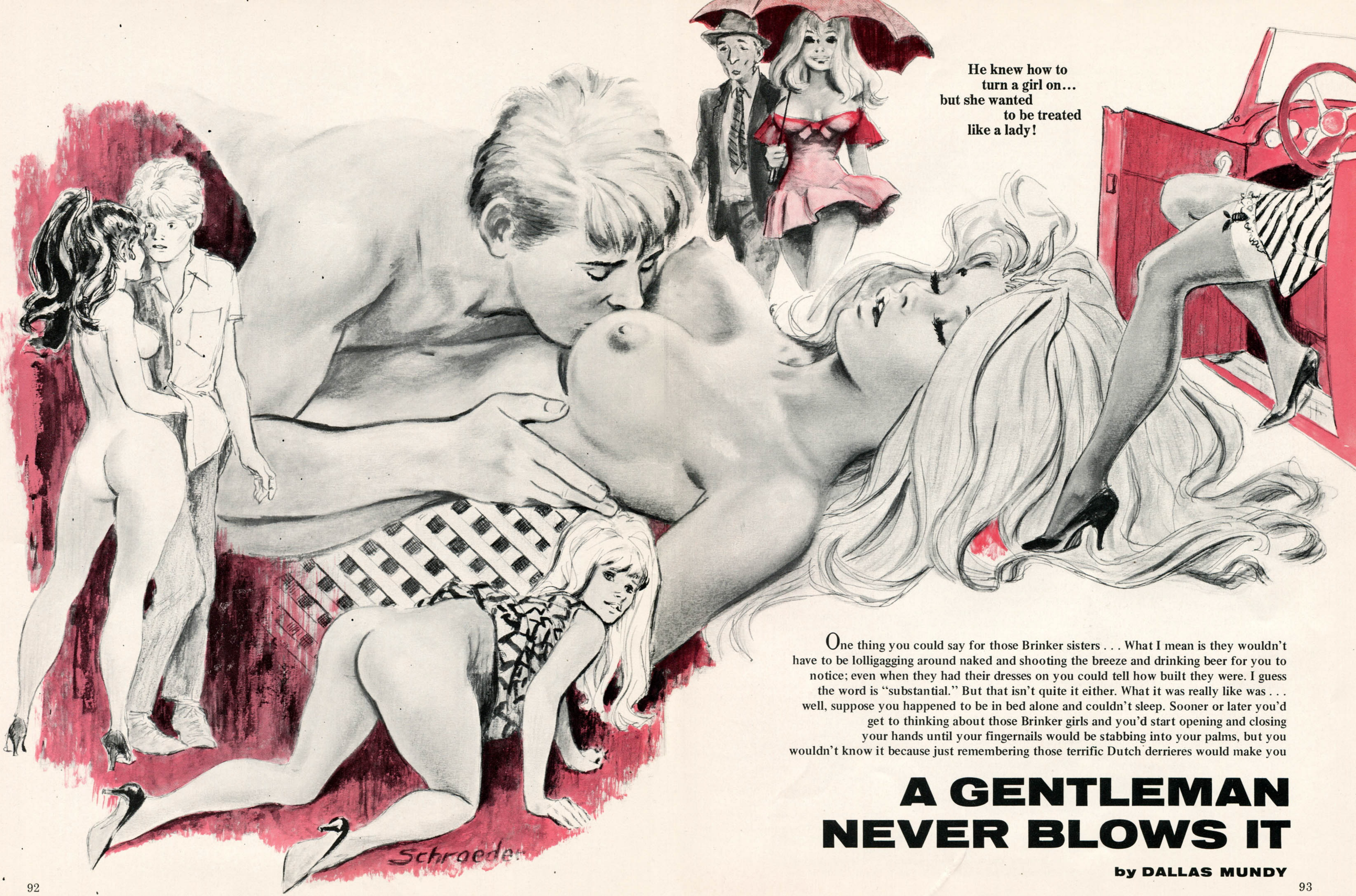
More **JILL** From page 85





Remember Jill. She may stand only five-feet-six and weigh about 124 pounds, but she is definitely of developmental quality—on or off a movie screen!





He knew how to
turn a girl on...
but she wanted
to be treated
like a lady!

One thing you could say for those Brinker sisters . . . What I mean is they wouldn't have to be lolligagging around naked and shooting the breeze and drinking beer for you to notice; even when they had their dresses on you could tell how built they were. I guess the word is "substantial." But that isn't quite it either. What it was really like was . . . well, suppose you happened to be in bed alone and couldn't sleep. Sooner or later you'd get to thinking about those Brinker girls and you'd start opening and closing your hands until your fingernails would be stabbing into your palms, but you wouldn't know it because just remembering those terrific Dutch derrieres would make you

A GENTLEMAN NEVER BLOWS IT

by DALLAS MUNDY

so frigging horny you wouldn't feel anything but an overpowering hard ache.

And another thing about those Brinker girls, they certainly took good care of their father. I used to see one or another of them every working-day evening, meeting the six-thirty train from New York. They had a little Ford rag top—and it didn't matter which one of the girls showed up to drive the old man home, she'd always pull into the same parking space and get out of the car in the same way with her hem high on her good-looking thighs. When it rained, she'd have an umbrella to keep her father's bald head from getting wet. He wasn't the healthiest man in the world.

While my passengers were piling into my cab, I'd watch that Brinker girl walk back to her car with her father, carrying his bundles for him and asking how it had gone for him that day down at the shoe factory, making him feel important. I figured that if I ever got to be a broken-down old widower like Papa Brinker I'd sure like to have three pretty daughters making that kind of a fuss over me.

I never as much as spoke to any of those Brinker sisters until one June evening when their little Ford was pulling into the parking space and I heard a "zit-zit" sound every time the wheel went around. A roofing nail was sticking out of the tread. I walked over and nodded toward the tire which was already squashing out at the bottom.

"I'll put your spare on for you, Miss," I said. "There's plenty of time before the train pulls in."

The Brinker girl—she was the youngest one, the redhead—looked at me, got out and looked at the tire, then said "Shit!"

I pretended I hadn't heard what she'd said, just went ahead and jacked up the wheel.

"I'm Gladys," she said.

"Yeah, I know," I replied, and dropped the first wheel nut into the hubcap.

She didn't say another word the whole while I was getting her flat off and the spare on; simply turned her back to me, but stood close to where I was hunkered down tightening the wheel nuts. She smelled like everything any perfume ad ever promised—and then some. Whatever those ads hinted a man who got a whiff would want to do, I sure wanted to do to this Gladys so bad I could taste it. But it was more than just her perfume. My face wasn't more than a dog's tail away from her magnificent ass. She kept shifting her weight from one foot to the other, making those glorious cheeks of hers glide against each other until my guts were screaming. I twist-

ed the last wheel nut on so tight I damned near stripped the threads.

I stood up and cleared my throat and waited for her to turn around; then I brushed the hair from my eyes like I'd seen Fabian do it in the movies. The front of my shirt was unbuttoned at the top so that the hair on my chest was showing. It was about time for this chick to tell me "You're cute." Instead, she handed me a dollar.

"Just toss the flat in the trunk," she said. "I'll drop it off at Ernie's."

"I'll get the tire fixed for you, Miss Brinker," I replied, "and I've already got a dollar."

"Suit yourself, Buster," she laughed, and shoved the money back into her purse.

After I'd taken the last of my riders home, I picked up the tire at Ernie's gas station and drove out to the Brinkers' house. Gladys came out and watched me put the tire on. She unlocked the trunk so I could put the spare away. I'd worked up a sweat and was trying to wipe the dirt off my hands with my handkerchief.

"Come in and wash up if you'd like," she said. "How about a cold beer?"

"You're cute," the blonde Brinker sister said. "I'm Betty."

"And I'm Pauline," the brunette one told me, coming up close and running her hands through my hair. "How come you've never been out here before? You drive a taxi, don't you? Doesn't anyone ever ask you..."

"He called me 'Miss Brinker,'" Gladys interrupted.

"Well, kiss my ass!" Pauline laughed.

"Knock it off!" Betty said. "Can't you see he's just a kid?"

"I can see it," Pauline yawned, "but I don't believe it. What's his hang-up anyhow? Is he cherry or somethin'?"

For a while none of the girls said anything more. I couldn't think of anything to say either; so I sat there sipping the beer. Betty sat beside me and kept filling my glass from the bottle. Pauline was across from us with her elbows on the table, leaning forward so that I could see right down the front of her dress. She wasn't wearing a brassiere. She was humming to herself and rocking her shoulders. Out of the corner of my eye I could see how it made her naked breasts swing back and forth.

"You been in the taxi business very long?" she asked after a while. I shook my head.

"Somebody might ask you where the action is," she went on. "Know

what I mean?"

Gladys was over at the sink washing some glasses. She dropped one on the floor.

"All right already," Pauline drawled. "He don't have to be a kid all his life. You're the one who told him to come in."

I watched Gladys get out a dustpan and brush and stoop down to sweep up the broken glass, her back to us. Every time she moved the brush across the floor, her fanny swayed gracefully from side to side.

"You wouldn't mind getting your hands on that, would you, Buster boy?" Betty murmured in my ear.

"My God!" Pauline shouted, "Look at him blush!"

Gladys tossed the dustpan and brush under the sink and came over to the table. I stood up quickly and moved a chair out for her.

"Now I've seen everything," Pauline remarked, reaching down inside her dress and toying with one of her big breasts.

"Boobs aren't what he goes for, darling," Betty said to Pauline. Right then Gladys jumped up, took hold of my hand, and led me out the front door to where my cab was parked. I guess it was her idea as much as mine. Anyhow, we went into a clinch and she kissed me real nice—no tongue or anything like that—just a real nice kiss. I glanced up at the sign just outside the front door. It said THREE SISTERS BEAUTY SHOPPE. I felt Gladys run her thumb over my fingernails.

"Drop around sometime when you're not too busy," she said. "I'll give you a manicure."

The next afternoon—a couple of hours before the first evening commuter train—I drove out to the Brinkers' again. There were a couple of fancy cars from down in New Jersey parked out front. Betty answered the door.

"The other girls are lying down right now," she said. "You want to wait for Gladys?"

"She told me she'd give me a manicure," I replied.

"A manicure!" she cried. "You really got to her with that 'Miss Brinker' jazz, didn't you? Oh well, c'mon in and have a beer."

When Betty bent over to look for a bottle in the refrigerator, she glanced back over her shoulder quickly and caught me with my tongue halfway across my upper lip. I batted my eyes shut.

"Sleepy, Buster boy?" she asked. "Want to go lie down with me in my

thanks just the same. I've got another pair of pants in my room back at the tavern."

"You're not going any place for a while, Buster boy," Pauline said. "I've got the hots so bad I can smell hair burning."

"Forget it," Betty told her. "We better let him go before Gladys comes out. If she catches us messing around with her john, she'll scalp us both."

"No sweat," Pauline replied. "She's got old Spondulicks in there, remember? He's good for another hour."

I must have looked as sick as I felt right then. Betty got out a bottle of rye and poured me a double shot.

"You better have this for the road," she said, "you'll need it."

"He needs it," Pauline remarked, "but not for playing under any porch."

I gulped down the rye and headed for the door, but Pauline blocked me with her big bosom.

"C'mon, sweets," she coaxed, "hug me up a little." She took my hands and pulled them around behind her and pressed one against each cheek. "Nice, huh?" she murmured. "Go ahead, squeeze 'em some more. It makes me feel so good. Wanna go lie down in my room for a while? I'll show you how to really turn a girl on."

After I moved out of my room at the tavern and went to live with the Brinkers, my taxi business went to hell. For a while my regular passengers caught rides with some of their neighbors when I didn't show up to meet the trains, but what did I care? Betty and Pauline saw to it that I was never hurting for money—or anything else, for that matter. I didn't give a diddysquat when some joker showed up at the station with another taxi and took over.

It didn't bother me, either, when the johns showed up at the beauty shop. They may have thought they were giving the girls a big thrill, but being fooled was part of what they were paying for. Neither Betty nor Pauline ever even came close to popping with their tricks. I was the one who took care of them in the come department.

Funny thing about Gladys, though. She didn't take on anybody—not even me. It got to be a joke how I kept on calling her 'Miss Brinker.' The other girls might not have liked it that Gladys stopped making her share of the johns, but they never mentioned it in front of me. I guess they were happy enough to have her do all the work around the place.

After a while it was only Gladys who went after their father. She did all of the shopping too. Every once in a while she'd bring home a new shirt for me, or a hat or something else she thought I ought to have. It got so I began to take a real interest in my appearance. That's when Gladys started smiling again. You'd think she took more pride in how I looked than I did. She saw to it that I was never without a supply of laundered shirts and handkerchiefs and pressed slacks. She even kept my shoes shined.

Things went along like that until one hot afternoon in August. Betty and Pauline were sitting out in the kitchen drinking beer, naked as a couple of jaybirds. It looked as if maybe no johns would show up after all and they were bored. I can't say that I was too excited about anything either. There wasn't much to do that we hadn't done before, and I knew we'd get around to it before long. The three of us kept looking around at each other, waiting for somebody to make some sort of a pass at somebody else.

"What the hell, Betty," Pauline drawled, "I'll toss you for him."

She dragged herself out of her chair and went into her room after her purse. Through the open door we could see that her bed hadn't been made since she got up. When she came back she tossed a half a dollar into the air, then tried to catch it and slap it on the back of her hand; but she'd had so many beers she was a bit slow and missed.

"Heads!" Betty shouted as the coin bounced on the kitchen table.

"Well, kiss my ass!" Pauline cried. The half dollar had bounced once, then stood balancing on edge. "Looks like neither of us is supposed to get him. Hey Gladys, c'mon in here a minute. I want to show you somethin'."

Gladys looked at the coin a moment, then shrugged her shoulders and went in to change the sheets on Pauline's bed. Pauline and Betty looked at each other, then looked at me.

"What're you waiting for, Buster boy?" Pauline asked me. "You've had your eye on that sweet ass ever since you first came out here."

"Go ahead," Betty added. "You know she's nuts about you."

Gladys tried to fight me off when I grabbed her, but she never said a word. I flipped her face down on the bed and went to work on her. She just lay there like she'd passed out. I rolled her over and did everything I could think of to turn her on. Pauline or Betty would have been having regular cat fits reacting to it, but Gladys simply stared up at me with those big blue Dutch eyes of hers and acted as if she wasn't feeling a thing.

That evening, when Gladys brought Papa Brinker home, he was in terrible pain. He died of a heart attack before the doctor could get there. At the undertaker's, I sat in the back of the room while the three girls went up to take a last look at their old man. For a while they stood there side by side in front of the coffin, their handsome fannies in a row, the lines of their panties showing across their full cheeks under their dresses. I didn't know they even had any underwear.

Maybe I shouldn't have felt the way I did in a place like that. I could hardly wait until we got home. The old man hadn't been embalmed. There wasn't any funeral, not even a burial. They were going to have him cremated. Pauline and Betty and I got drunker than skunks that night and the three of us had the wildest party you ever heard of. If there was anything we didn't do, I don't know what it could have been.

Old Spondulicks showed up the next day and talked with the girls; he wanted them to move down to some furnished house he owned in New Jersey. Something was said about having an auction of their household stuff, but they never did have one because the house burned to the ground early the next morning. The firemen hadn't been able to do much; said it looked as if the fire had started all over the house at the same time.

I was afraid somebody would look into my cab and find my suitcase that I'd hidden under my raincoat, but nobody did. They were too busy standing around and saying things like "Good riddance!" The girls' luggage was locked in the trunk of their little Ford.

I walked over to say good-bye to them. They were sitting together in their car, their terrific Dutch derrieres all in a row again. Gladys was behind the wheel. I came up on the other side where Betty was sitting.

"I'll try to find a stand for my cab someplace down in New Jersey," I said.

"You do that, Buster boy," Pauline said.

"Look us up when you get there," Betty smiled.

Gladys just sat there staring straight ahead with her nose up in the air.

"What's eating you, Miss Brinker?" I asked.

She turned the motor on and shifted into gear. Betty reached out and squeezed my arm. "Looks like you blew the gentleman bit, Butch," she said. "You should've told her you loved her first." Then the little Ford jerked ahead and was gone.



Kathy





Kathy is CAD's issue import—she's from Czechoslovakia and is the best bid for freedom we've seen in quite a while. Nice things come in small packages and Kathy's only five-feet-five and weights in at 120 pounds—but her vital statistics sound out with a happy 36-25-37.

**Our Kathy's
got a thing
about
freedom...**



CAD leaps out in front of TV with SOCK IT TO ME WITH FLESH...and stays up and away with LOVE ON A TRAMPOLINE...with an orgiastic report on THE NEW COMMERCIAL SEX POTS and why THE HAT YOU WEAR IS YOUR SEX-IMAGE...and some follow-up advice that VARIETY IS THE SPICE and a GENTLEMAN NEVER BLOWS IT!

